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OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

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Of the Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

A THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpfichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

THE FIRST BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *Nat. Thompson* for *John Carr* and *Sam. Scott*, and are to be sold by *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, Anno Domini, 1687:

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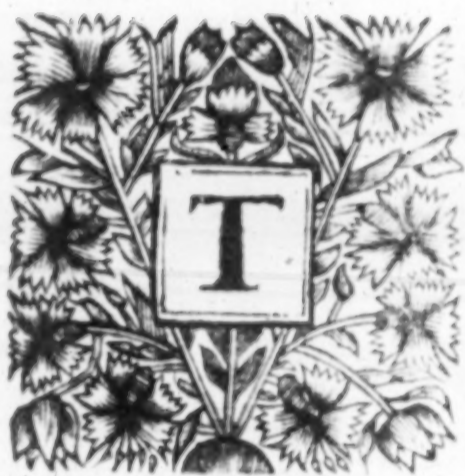
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TO ALL
TRUE LOVERS
OF
MUSICK



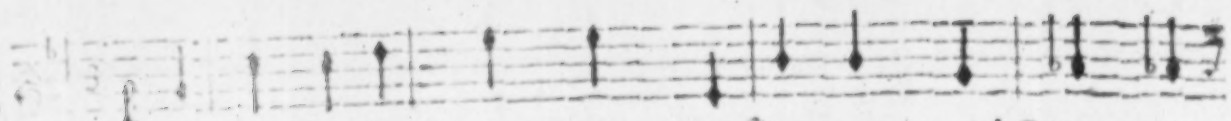
He Masters of the SONGS, in the ensuing Book, are of that Real Worth, and Eminence in their Faculty; that it would be a Fullsome peice of Disparagement in Me to presume their Commendation: My task therefore, (and the greatest thing I have to do, in Publishing these their Excellent Performances,) is to beg Pardon for my self, and endeavour to stand Fair in the Opinion of *Musical Souls*; and the best way I can imagine to compass this my Honest End, is, to acknowledge this first Attempt of mine a very bold one; a Fault, (I hope) will not be very hard to be Absolv'd because none that are Truly Harmonious, can be Ill-natur'd: And further I do Confess my self a very Hearty Well-wisher to this Noble part of the *Mathematicks*, which I would not by any means should suffer any Blemish by my Neglect and Inadvertency. What mistakes may have happ'ned in the Printing, I shall not altogether be answerable for, having imploy'd my utmost Care and Vigilancy in the Supervising of the *Press*: I hope the World will as easily excuse Mine, as they have formerly done the more unpardonable Faults of Old Pretenders; and am stedfastly resolv'd (if this first Essay may have the Good Fortune to find a Kind Reception in the World) to leave nothing Un-attempted that may Promote the Honour of *Musick*, by the most Assiduous, and most Earnest Diligence of

Your Humblest Servant

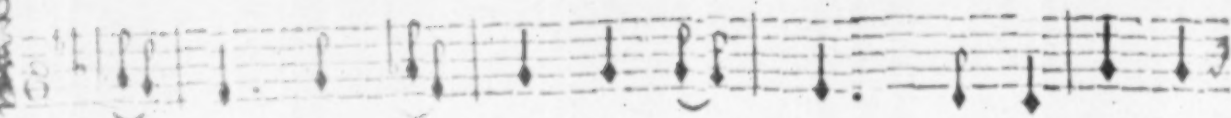
SAMUEL SCOTT

A CATCH by way of EPISTLE,

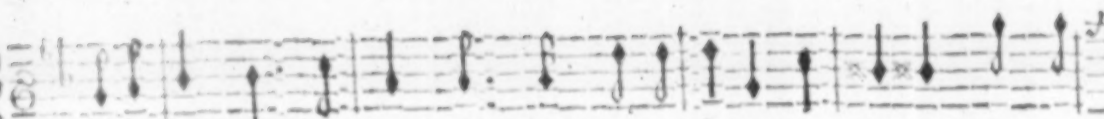
And Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



O all Lovers of Mus-ick, Performers, and Scra-pers;



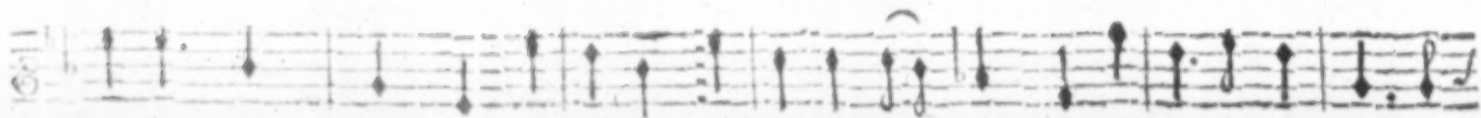
To those that love Catches, play Tunes, and cut Capers.



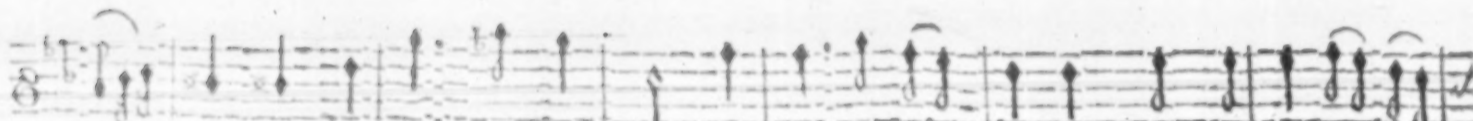
Ith a new Catch I greet you; And tho' I say it that shud'n, like a



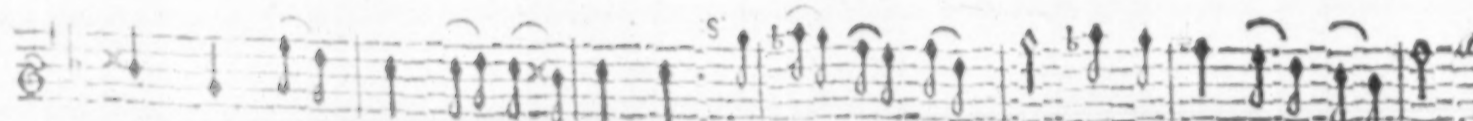
Fiddle, 'tis MUSICK, tho' the Words are but wood'n: But my



Brother JOHN PLATFORD and I shall present you e're long, with a Book, I presume will



con- tent you. 'Tis true, we know well the Sale of good Mu-sick; But to hear Us per-



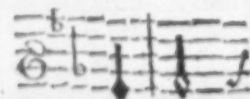
form woud make Him sick, or You sick. My maggot Man Sam at the first Tem-ple-Gate



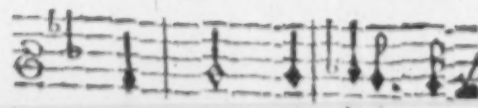
will further in- form you; If no, my Wife KATE,



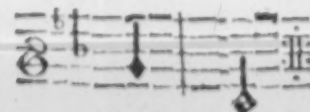
From between the two Devils near Temple-Bar,



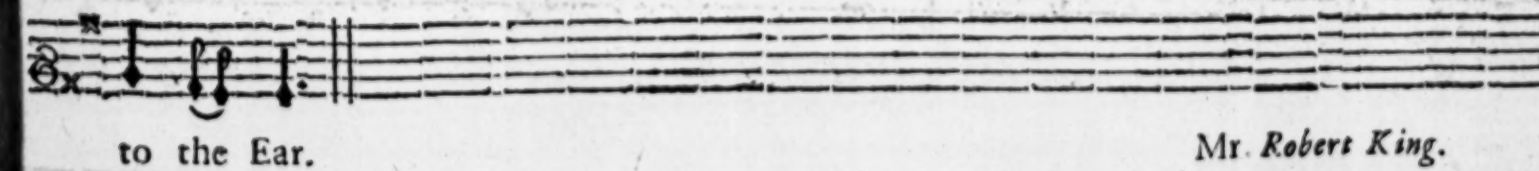
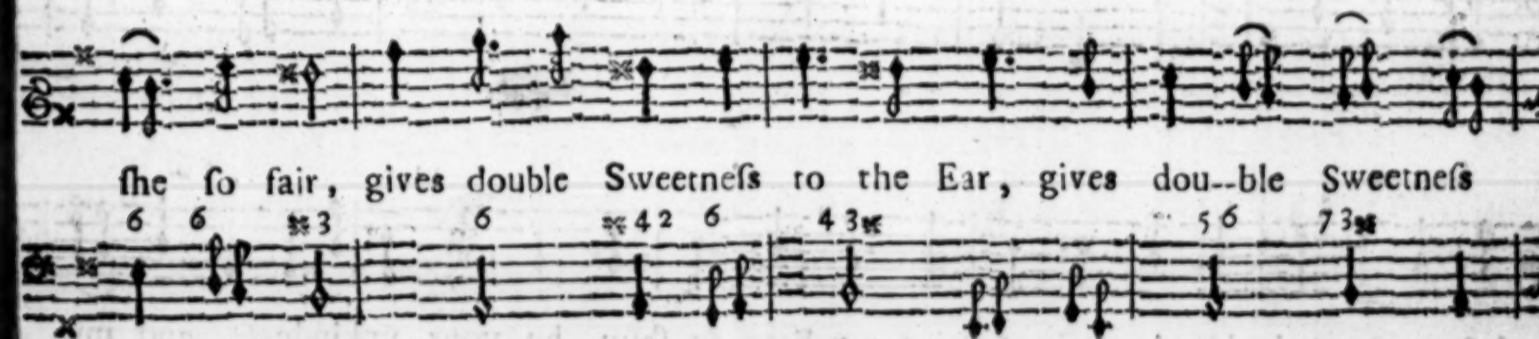
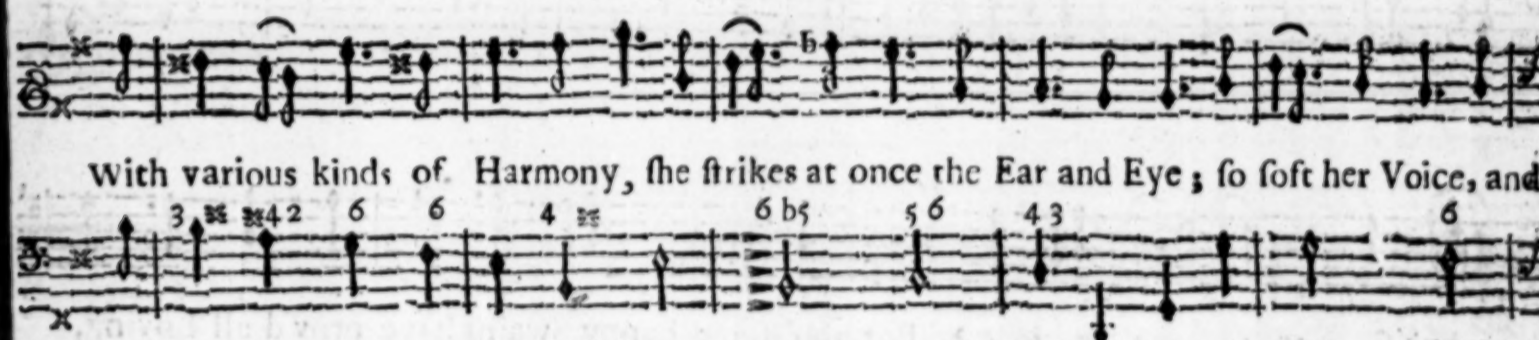
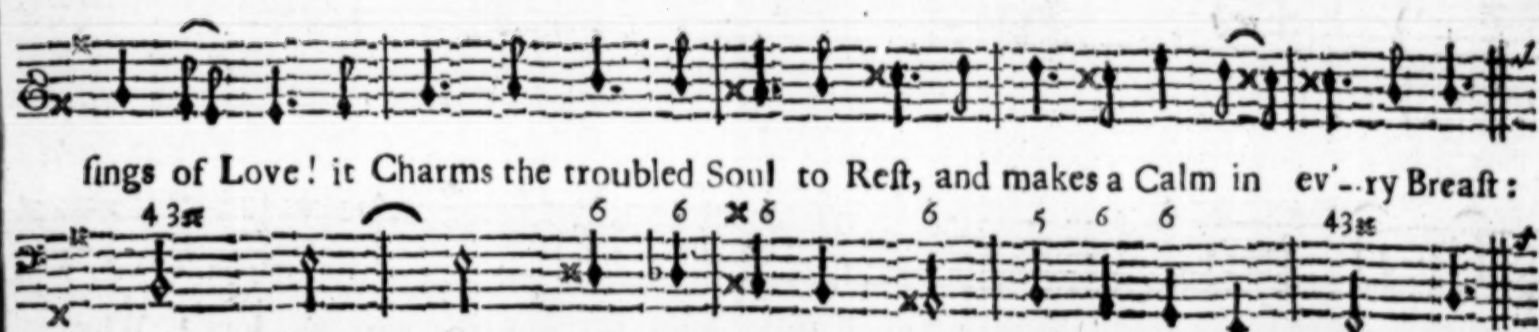
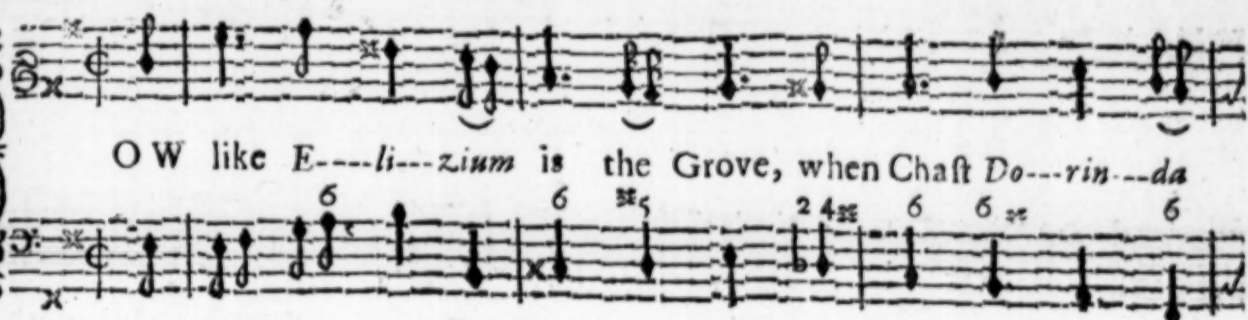
I rest,



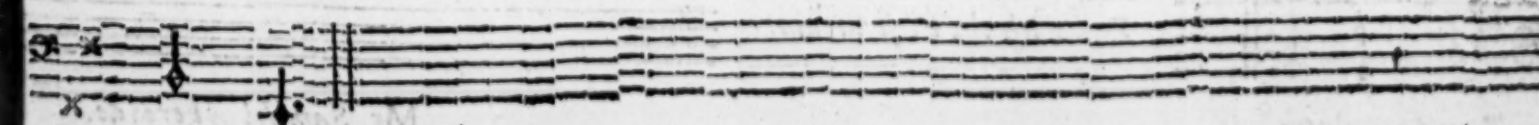
Your Friend & Ser- vant



JOHN CARR.

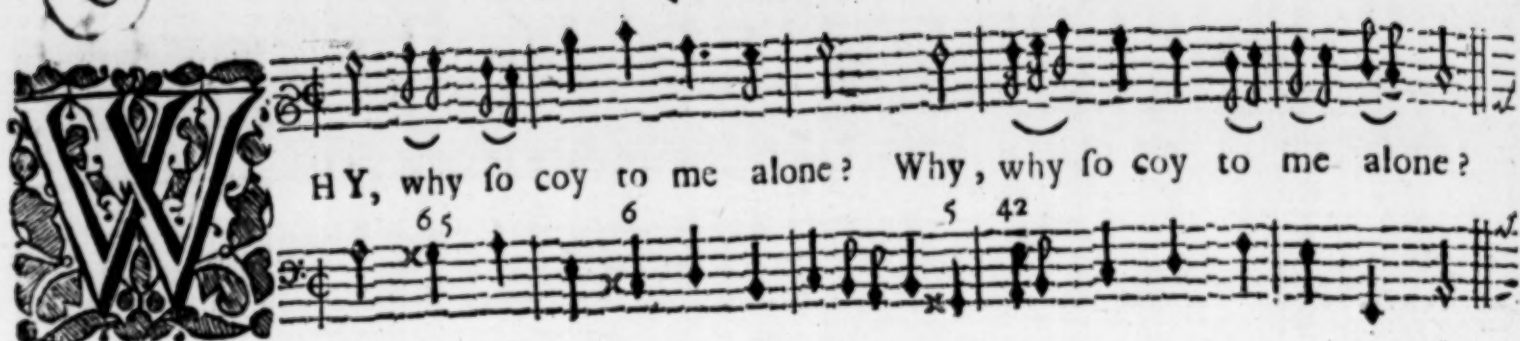


Mr. Robert King.

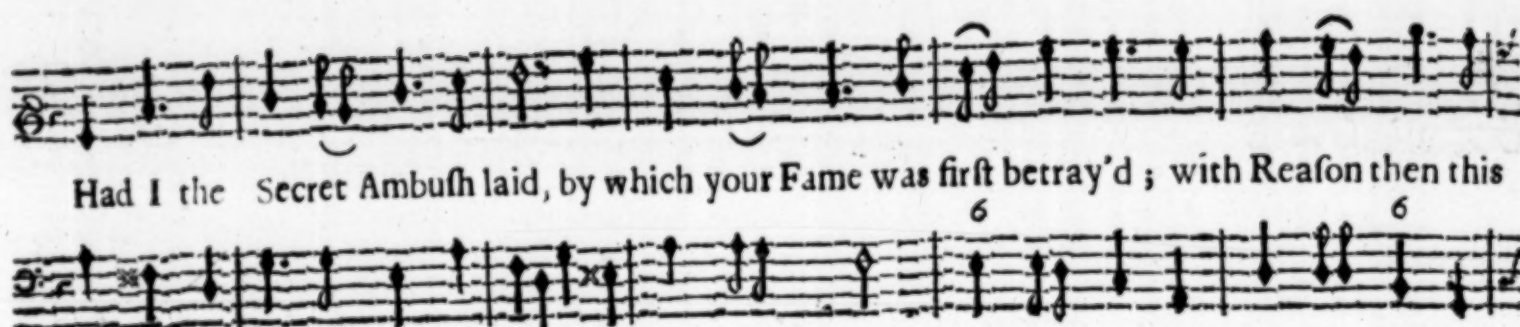


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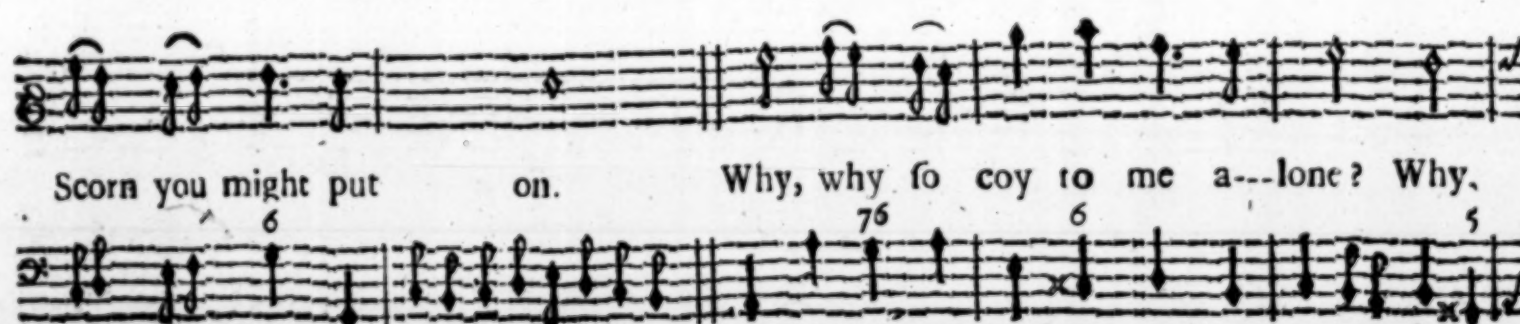
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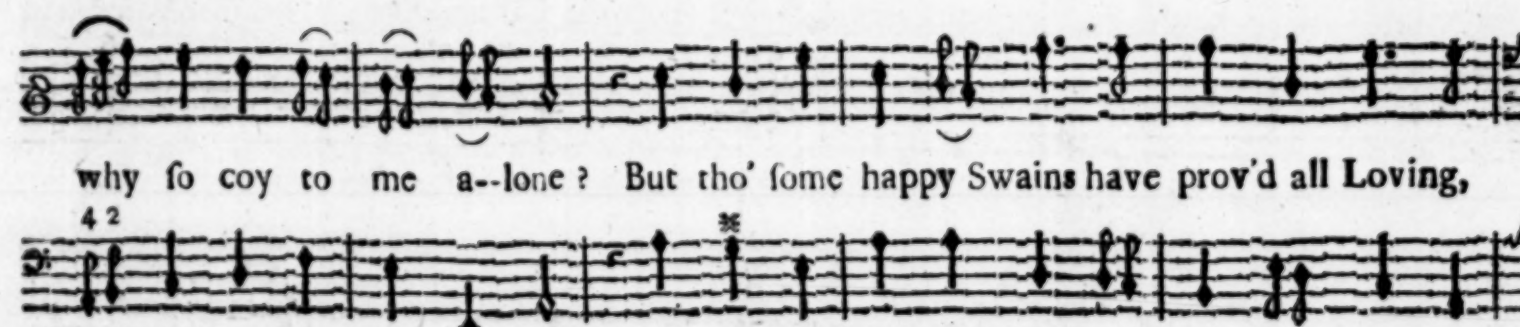
HY, why so coy to me alone? Why, why so coy to me alone?



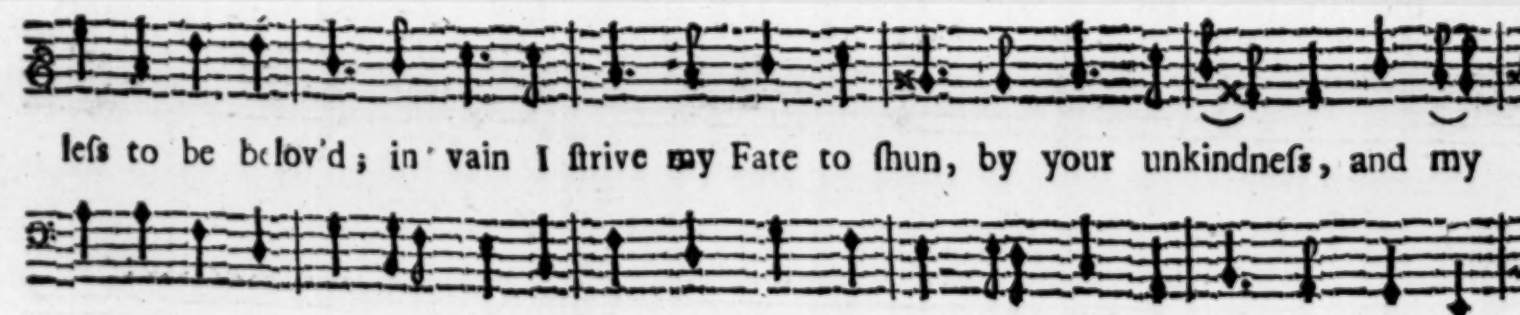
Had I the Secret Ambush laid, by which your Fame was first betray'd; with Reason then this



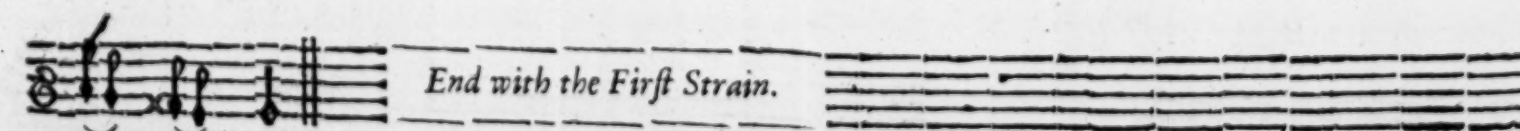
Scorn you might put on. Why, why so coy to me a--lone? Why,



why so coy to me a--lone? But tho' some happy Swains have prov'd all Loving,



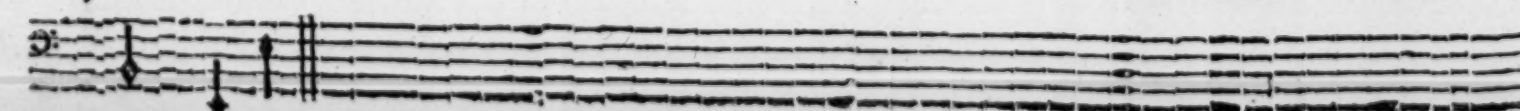
less to be belov'd; in vain I strive my Fate to shun, by your unkindness, and my

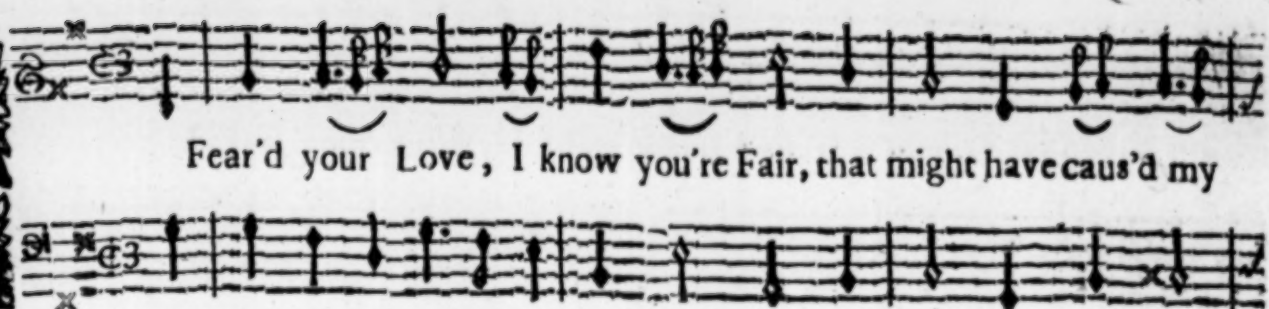


End with the First Strain.

Truth undone.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

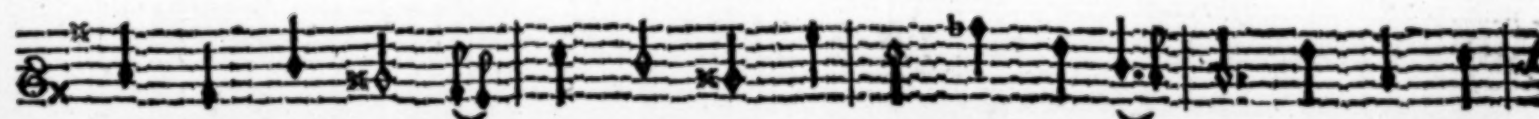




Fear'd your Love, I know you're Fair, that might have caus'd my



Pain; my grateful Heart could not for—bear, but must have lov'd a—gain.



The ful—len Scorn your Eyes im—part, I would much rather have; your haughty



Pride has freed that Heart, your Kindness might enslave.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.

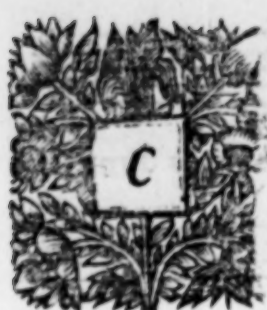


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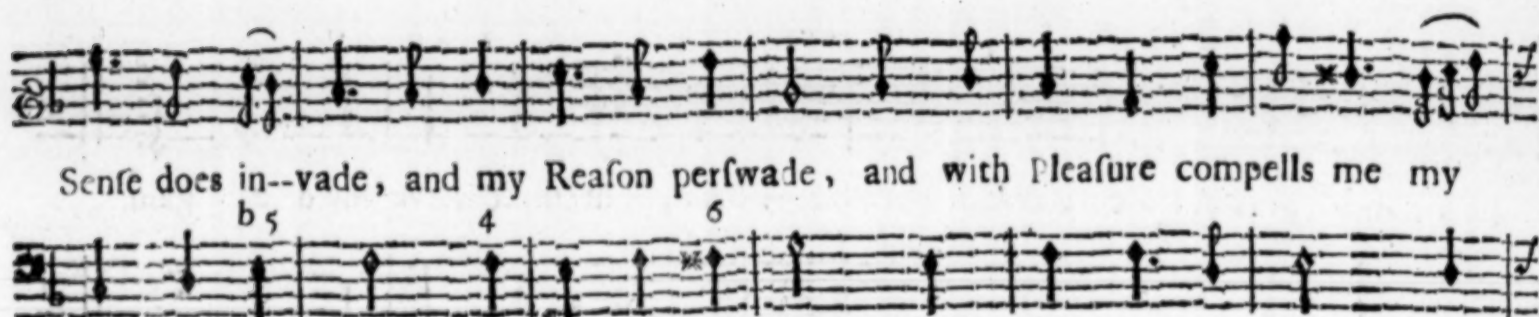
As when Minds rage, and Seas grow high,
 They friendly bid beware;
 But when they're smooth, and calm the Sky,
 'Tis then they would ensnare:
 So Tenderneſs our Hearts beguiles,
 Whilst Scorn our Freedom crowns;
 There is more danger in your Smiles,
 Than can be in your Frowns.

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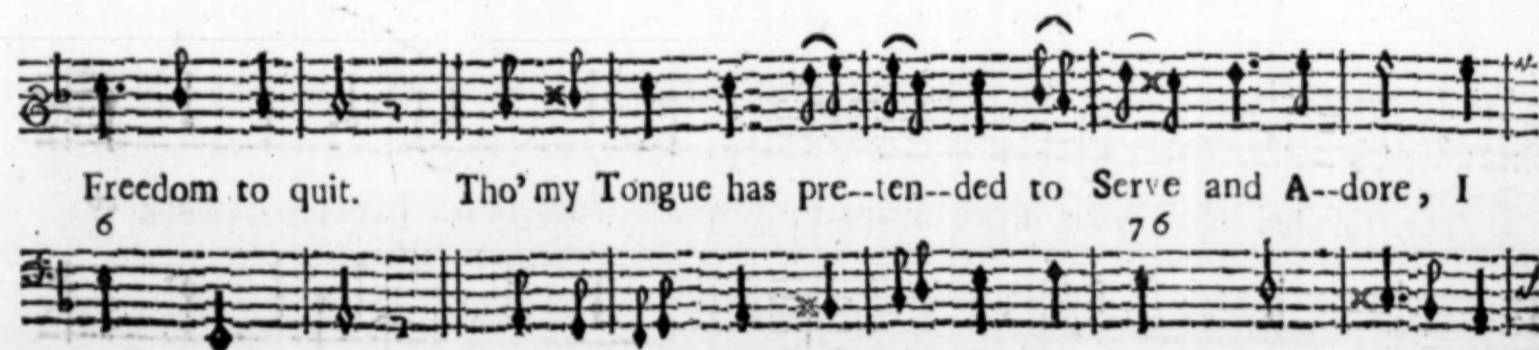
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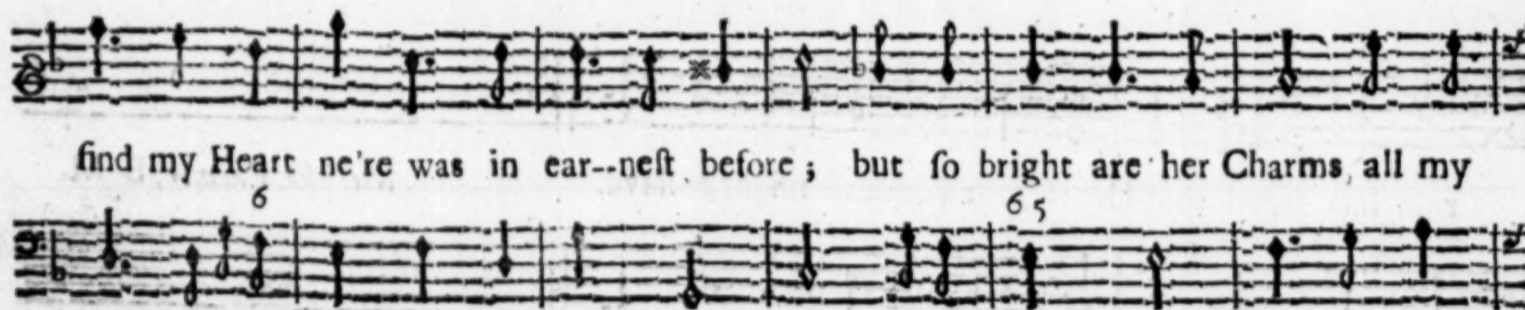
O --rin--na, with In--no cence, Beau--ry, and Wit, ev'--ry



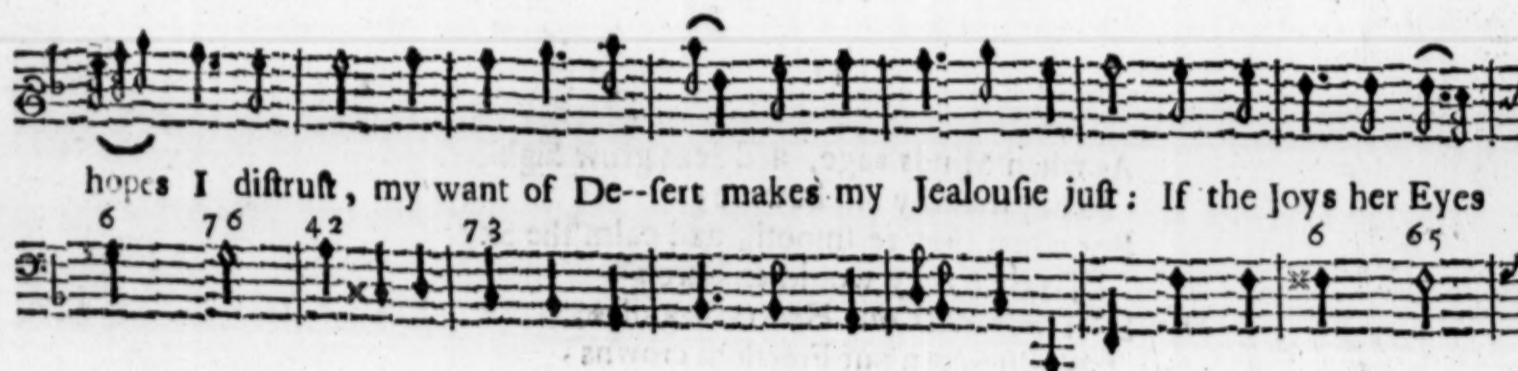
Sense does in--vade, and my Reason perswade, and with Pleasure compells me my



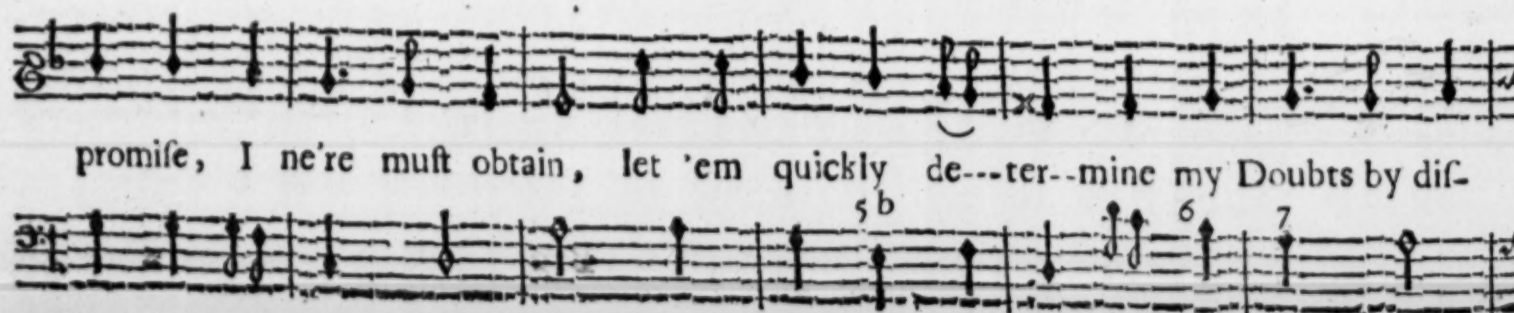
Freedom to quit. Tho' my Tongue has pre--ten--ded to Serve and A--dore, I



find my Heart ne're was in ear--nest before; but so bright are her Charms, all my



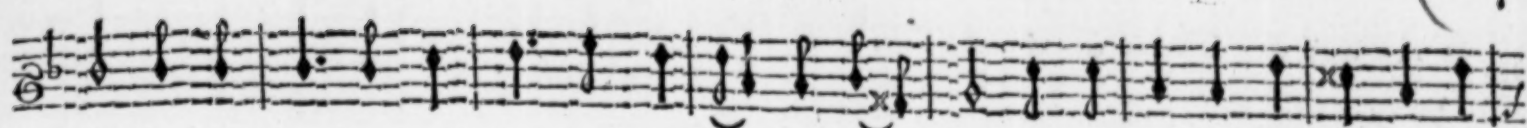
hopes I distrust, my want of De--sert makes my Jealousie just: If the Joys her Eyes



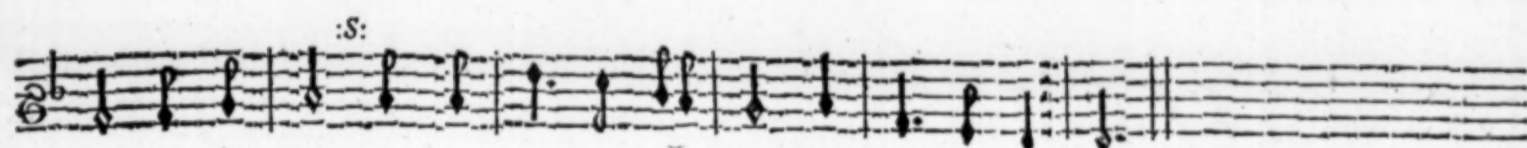
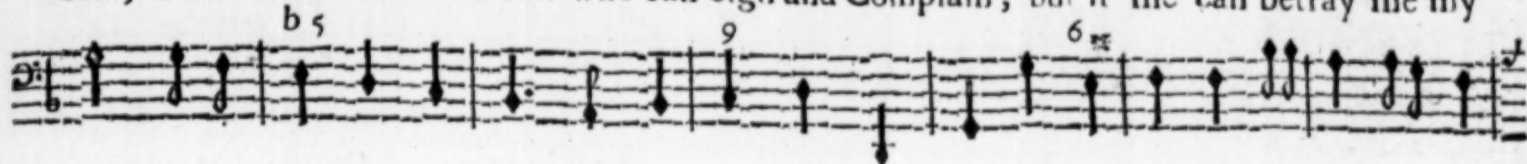
promise, I ne're must obtain, let 'em quickly de--ter--mine my Doubts by dis-

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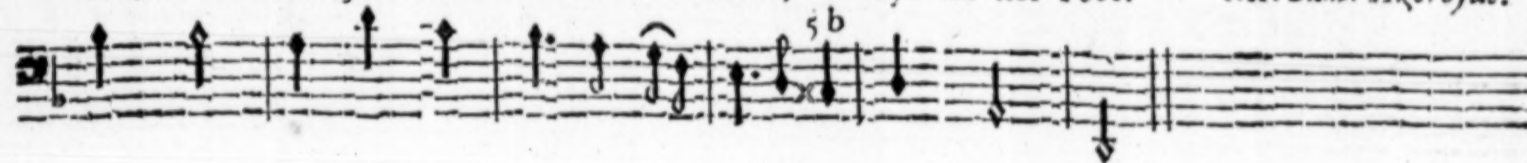


dain, I am none of those Fools who can Sigh and Complain; but if she can betray me my



Fate, let me meet, let me live in her Arms, or dye at her Feet.

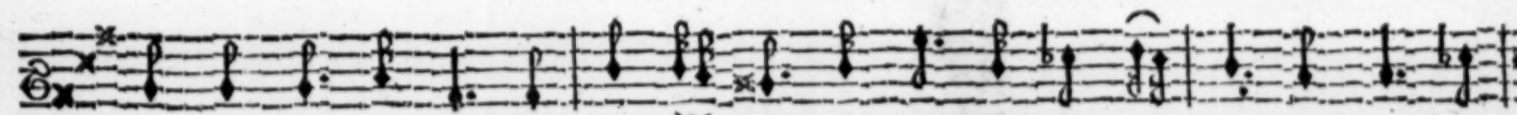
Mr. Sam. Akeroyde.



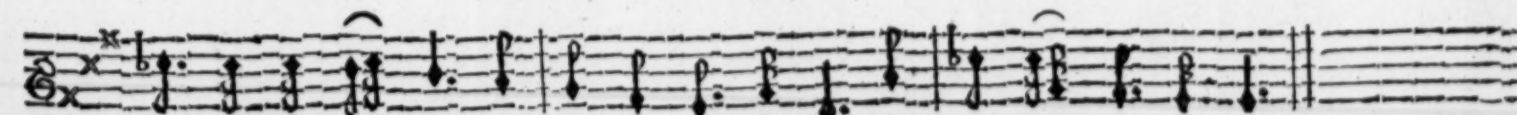
E satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art, act chearfully and well act



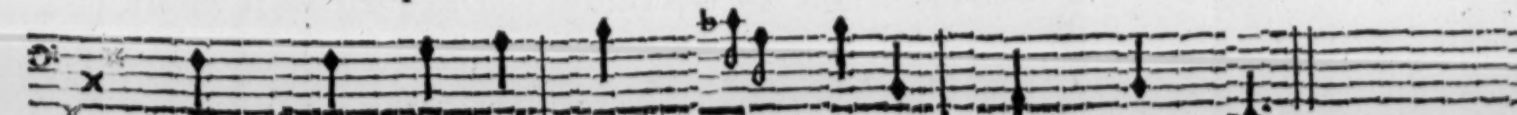
chearfully and well, act chearful-ly and well, the al-lotted part: Enjoy the present hour, be



thankful for the past, and neither fear nor wish th'approaches of the last; be



thankful for the past, and neither fear nor wish th'approaches of the last.

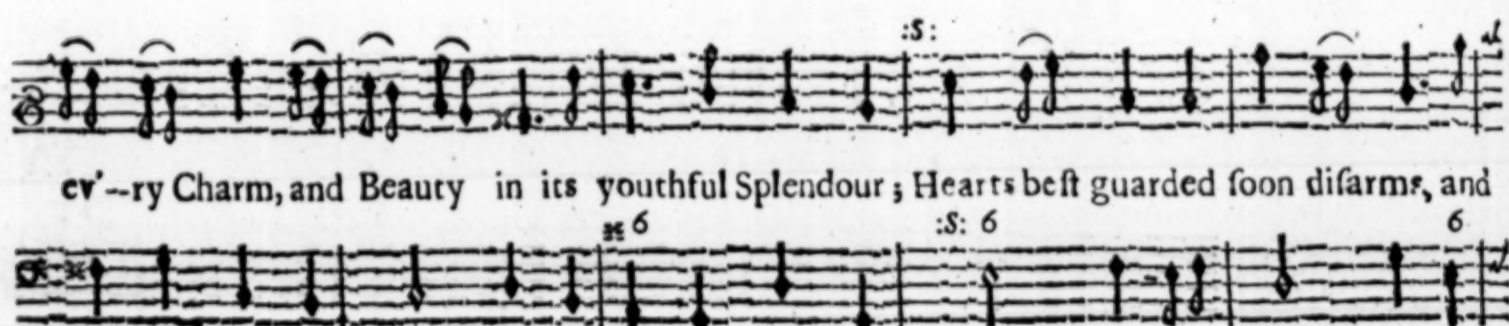
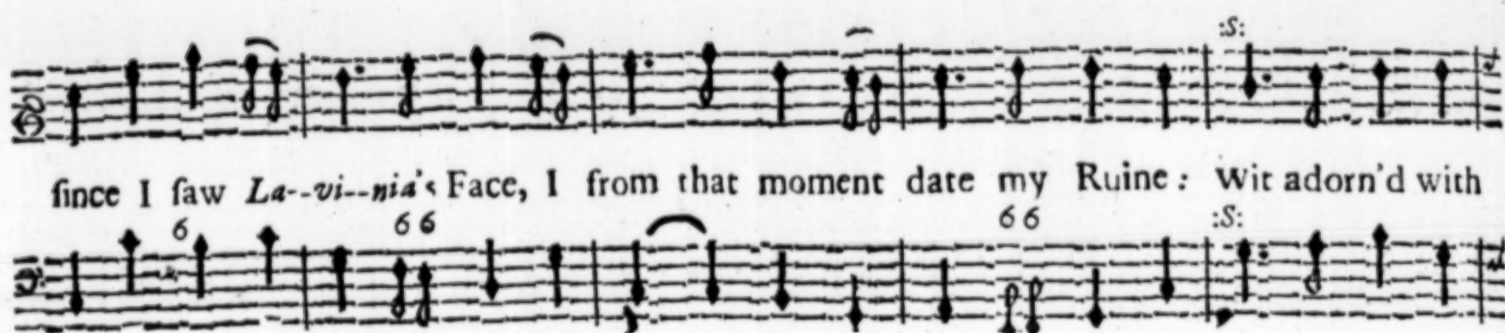
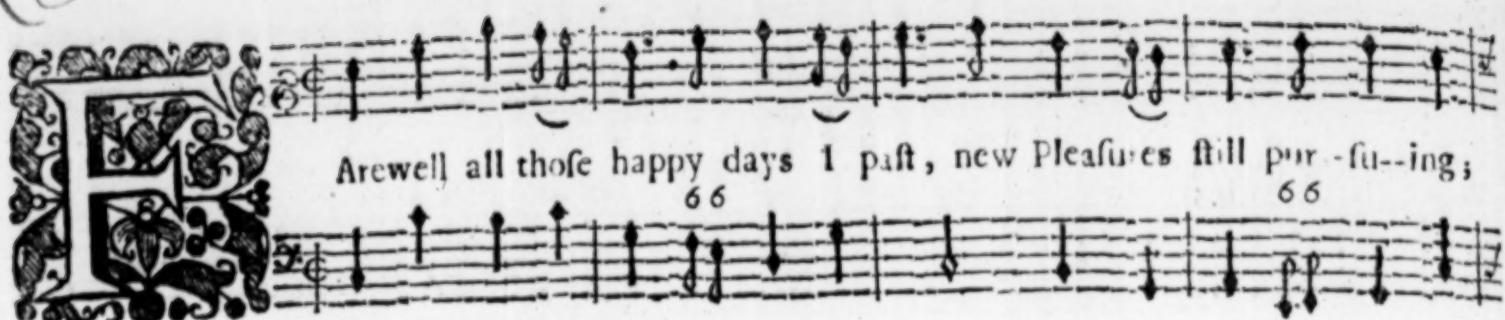


C

Mr. Alex. Damascene.

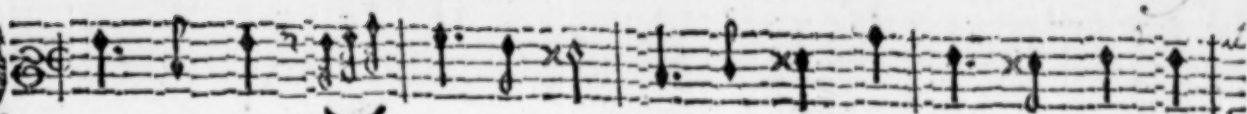
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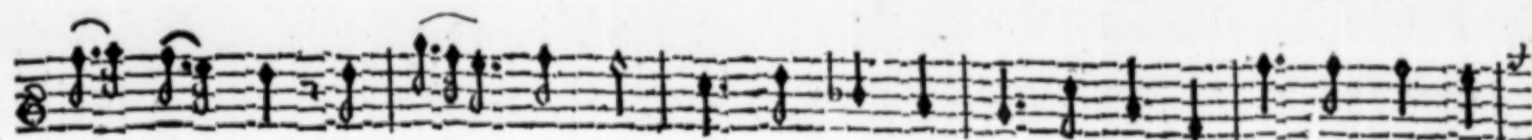


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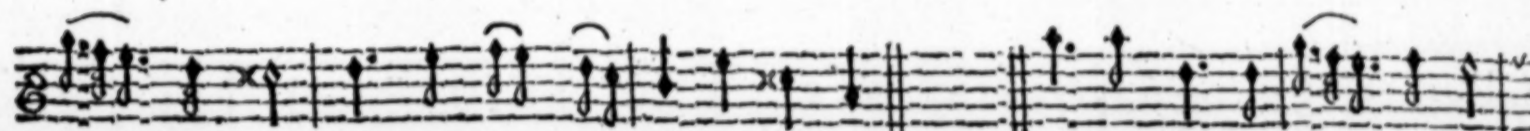
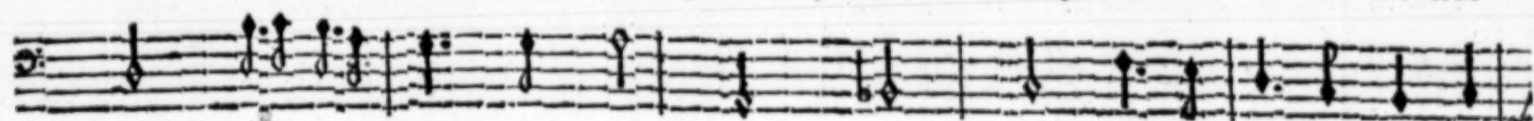
While her looks so Awful are,
 My Pain I never dare discover;
 But the Love she gives, I fear,
 Will soon betray their hopeless Lover:
 You who from whose Chains are free,
 Avoid her Presents so ensnaring;
 And in time be warn'd by me,
 From Love that must end in despairing.



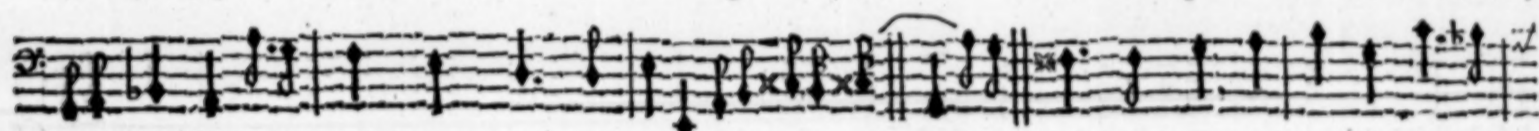
Uard my Heart, and hide my Eyes, from that Fair, that charming Creature;



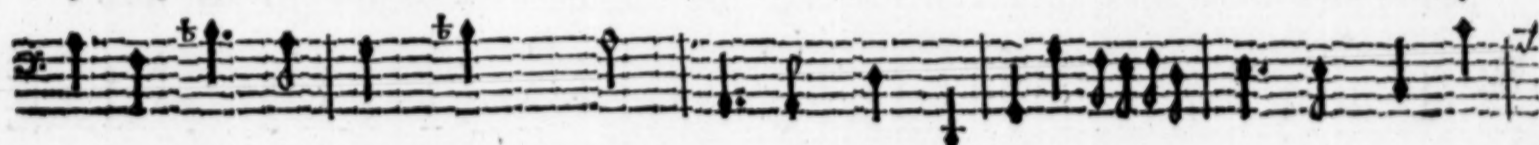
in her Looks my Ru—ine lyes, printed plain in ev—ry Feature: Fa—tal all her



Conquest prove, Death re—ward the daring Lover; he that hopes her Heart to move,



quickly will his Doom dis—co—ver. Yet this Fate I cannot shun, Fame that loudly



sings her Praises, finds me out where e're I run, and my Wounds each hour encreases.



Mr. Alex. Damascene.

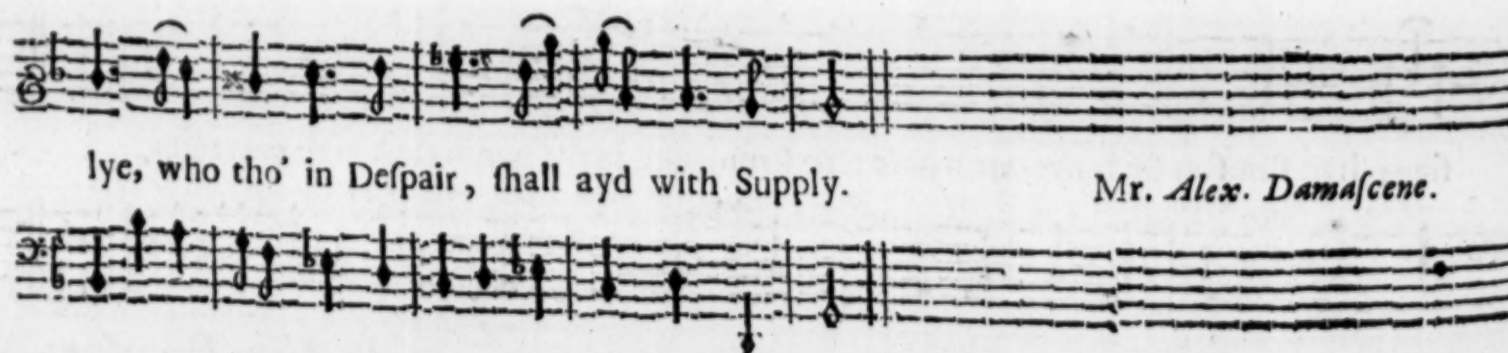
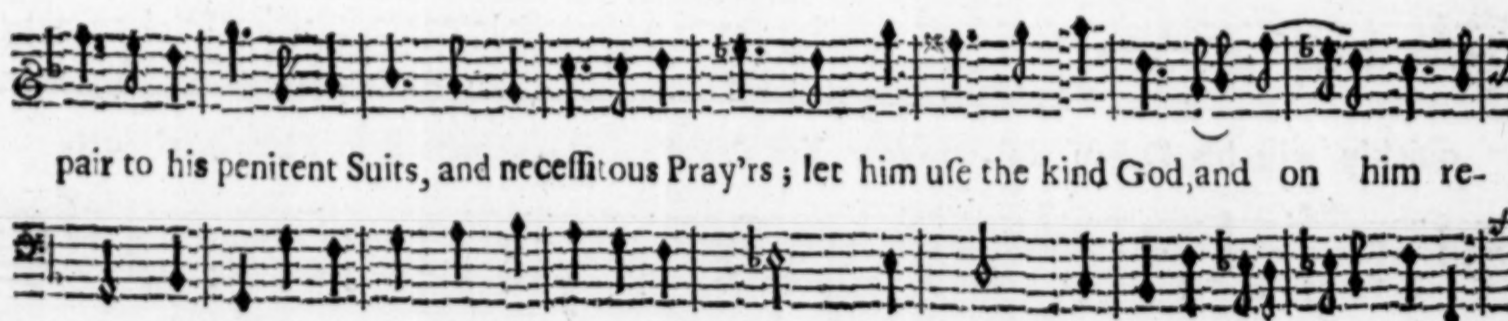
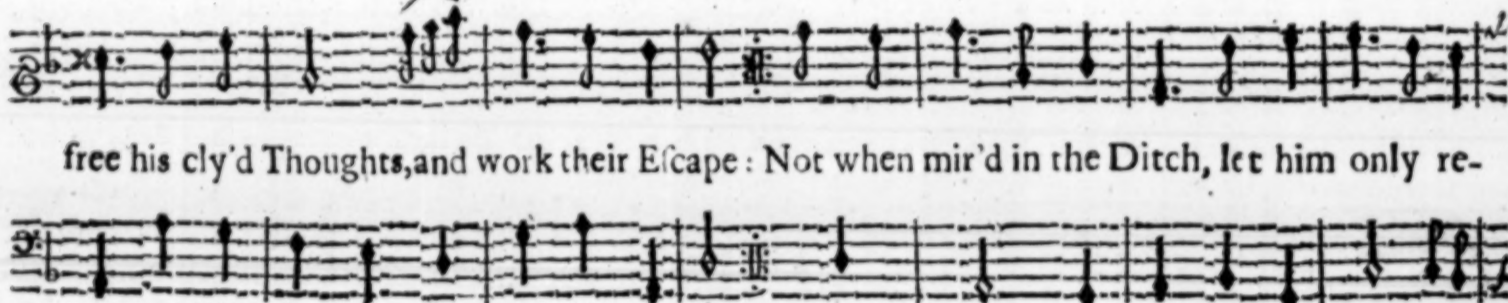
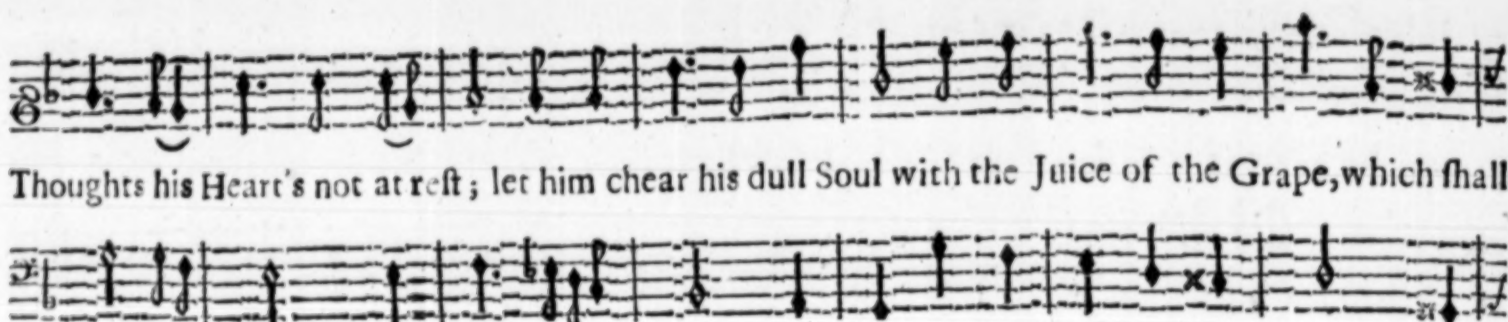
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In praise of Wine.

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Hen the Bosom of Man, with Care sore oppress'd, and for turbulent

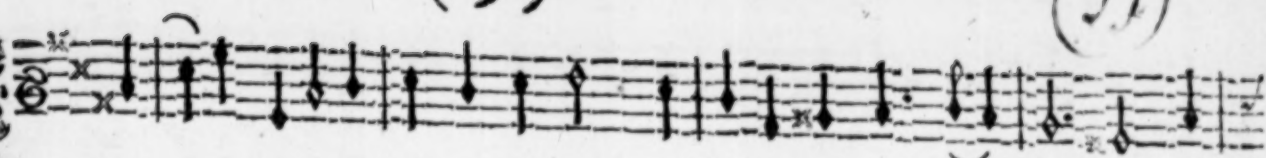


lye, who tho' in Despair, shall ayd with Supply.

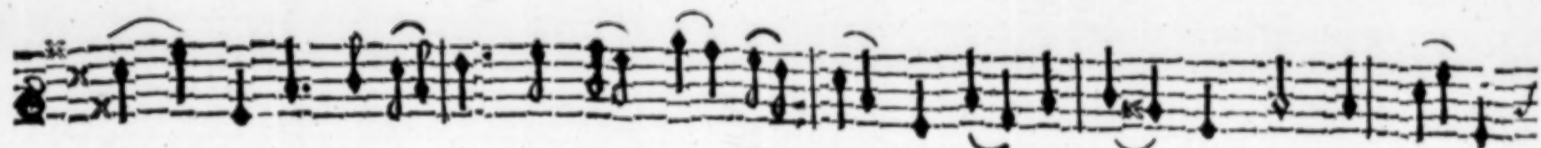
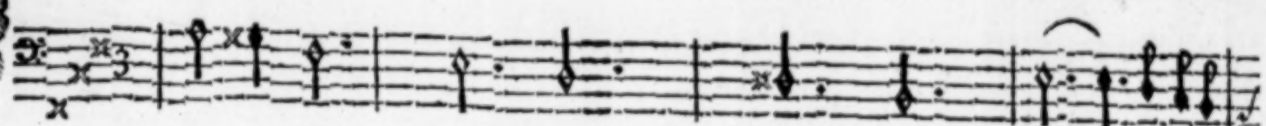
Mr. Alex. Damascene.

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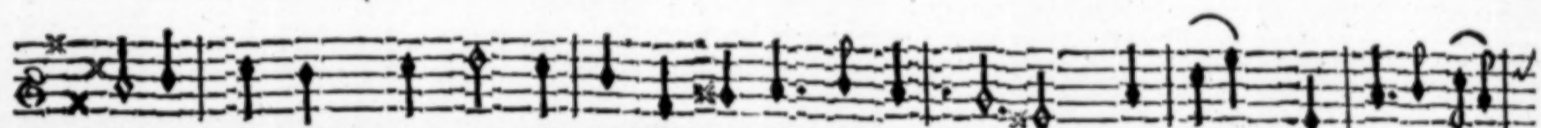
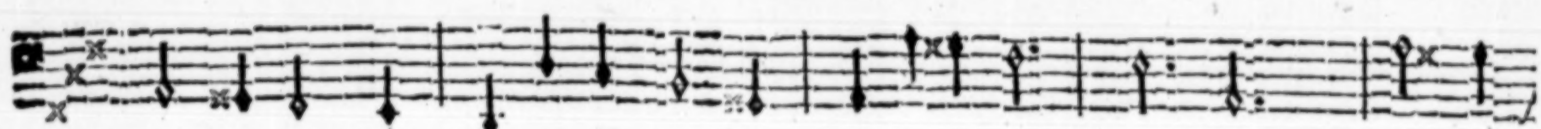
He old Age recruits, and makes Men look young,
 Adds Strength to the Weak, and Life to the Strong;
 Nay, in the winter of Life he makes my Blood boy!,
 And Nature's deep Sorrows he turns to a Smile:
 With *Ceres* he feasts, and *Venus* he sports,
 Nay, there's none of the Gods but his Company courts;
 His Nature's all free, there's Mirth where he goes,
 He is true to his Friends, and laughs at his Foes.



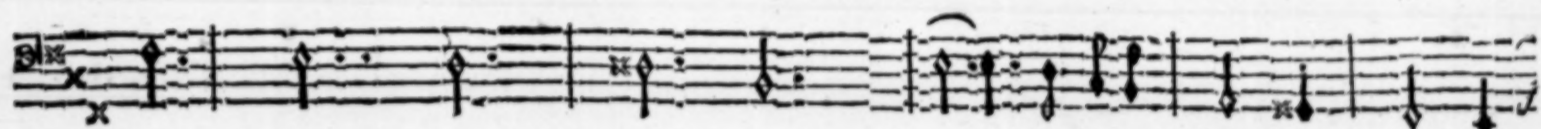
Hen first *Aminta* su'd for a Kifs, my innocent Heart was tender, that



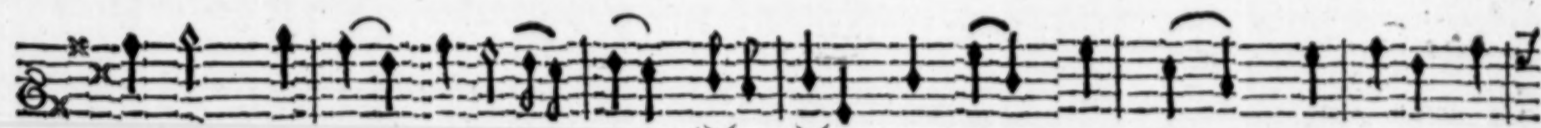
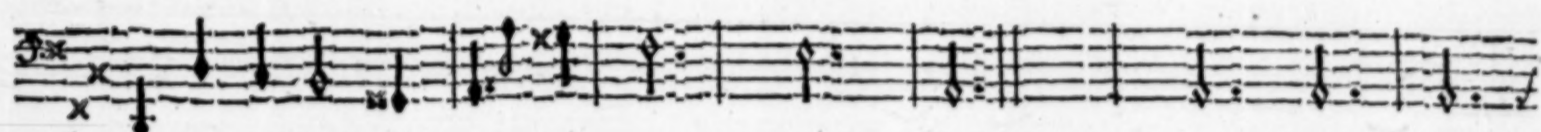
though I pusht him away from the Blifs, my Eyes declar'd my Heart was won, I fain an



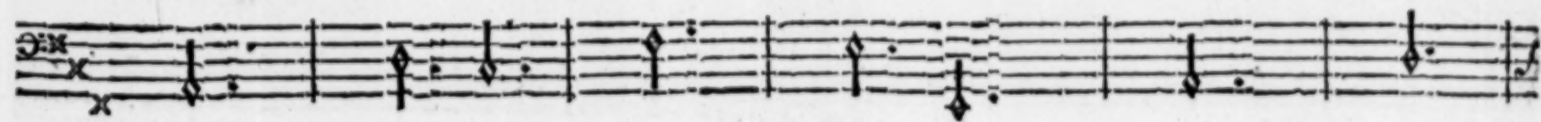
Art-ful Coynefs wou'd use, be--fore I the Fort did sur-ren-der : But *Love* wou'd suffer no



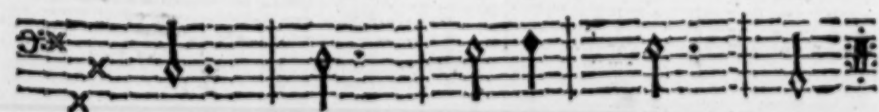
more such a-buse, And soon a--lafs my Cheat was known. He'd sit all day, and laugh,



and Play, a thousand pretty things wou'd say; My Hand he'd squeeze, and press my



Knees, till sur---ther on he got by de--grees.



11.

My Heart just like a Vessel at Sea,
Wou'd toss when *Aminta* was near me.
But ah! so cunning a Pilate was he,
Through Doubts & Fears he'd still sail on,
I thought in Him no danger cou'd be,
So wisely he knew how to steer me:

D

And soon alafs was brought t'agree,
To taste of joys before unknown.
Well might he boast his pain not lost,
For soon he found the Goden coast.
Enjoy'd the Oar, and toucht the Shore,
Where never Merchant went before.

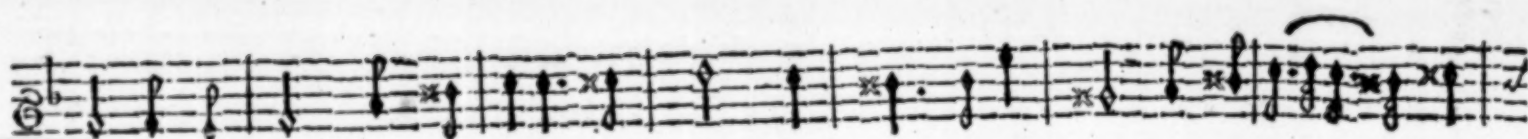
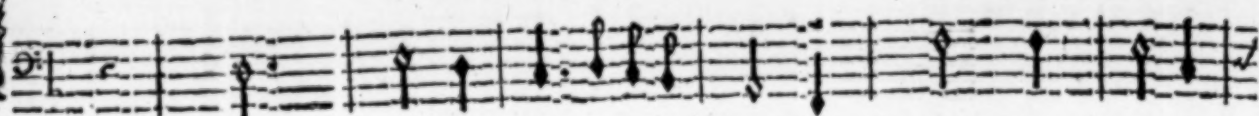
He

(12)

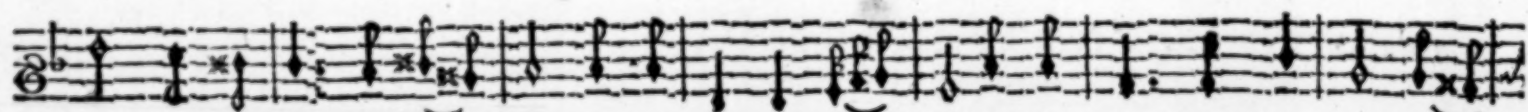
(10)



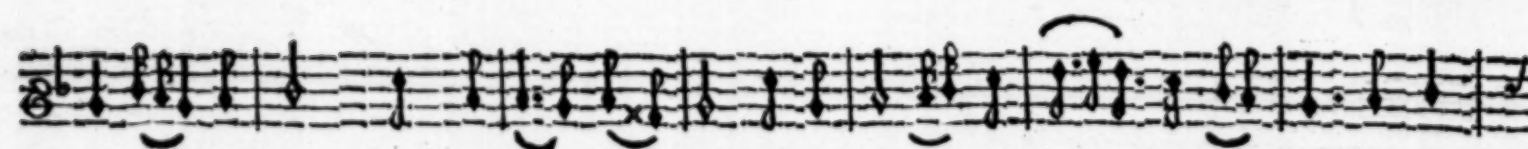
'Le try the soft Charms of *Musick*, and *Youth*, and sing all the Tales of



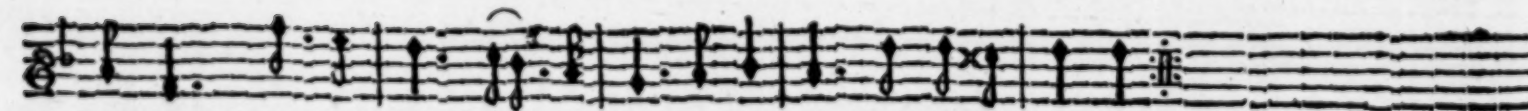
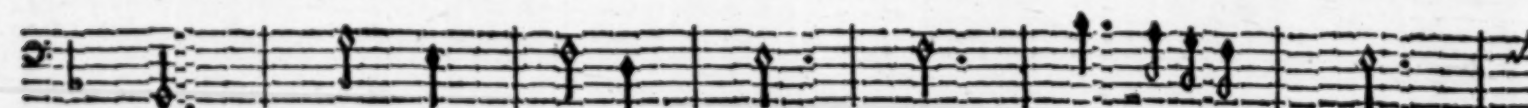
Love's subtle Truth, till her kind rising Breast beats Time to my Song, and my *Ce-li-a* no



more our En-joy-ment pro-long, but En-chanted shall run to my Arms, and de-clare, though

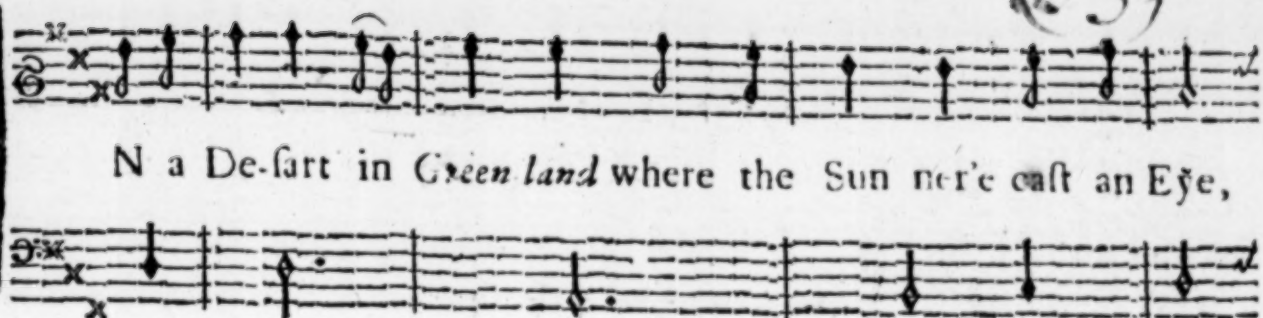


Love mis the Eyes, 'twill get in at the Ear; for I find 'tis the cheer--ful gay ge--ne--rous

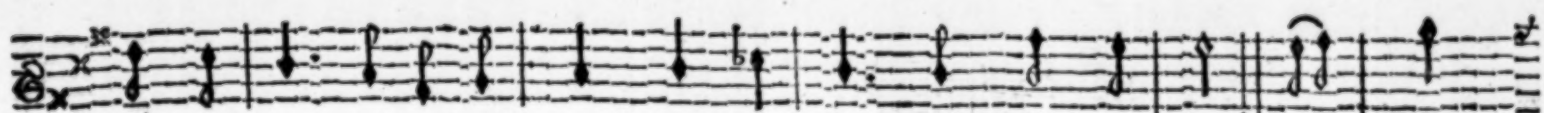


Sin--ner not the Saint, nor the A-mo-rous Fop that must win her.

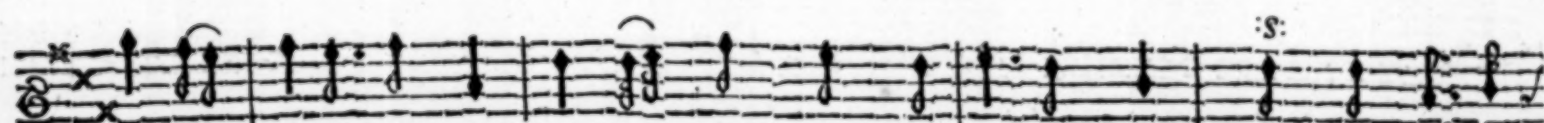




N a De-sart in *Green land* where the Sun ne'er cast an Eye,



in contempt to all the world, I cou'd live with thee my Joy. No Nymph



with her slye subtile Art e're shall have pow'r to steal my Heart, Thou art all in



all; in ev'ry part each Vein of me, shall e—ver be pan-ting for love of thee.



II.

On the Sands of Scorch'd *Africk*,
Where the Sun-burnt Natives fry :
Blest with thee, my Dear *Philander*,
I could choose to Live and Die.
No Swain with his Wit, Wealth or Art,
E're shall have Power to Storm my Heart.
Thou art, &c.

marked

(12)

SONG.

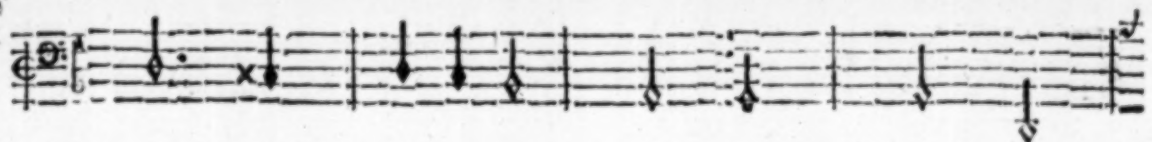
(14)



Et am I by the Women told, poor *A-na-creon*, thou grow'st old;



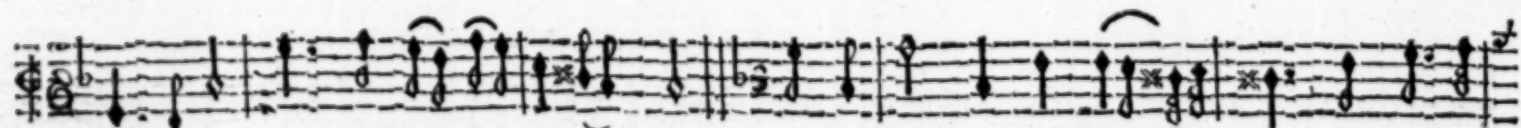
Et am I by the Women told, poor *A-na-creon*, thou grow'st old;



Look how thy Hairs are fall-ing all; poor *A-na-creon*, how they fall. Whether I grow



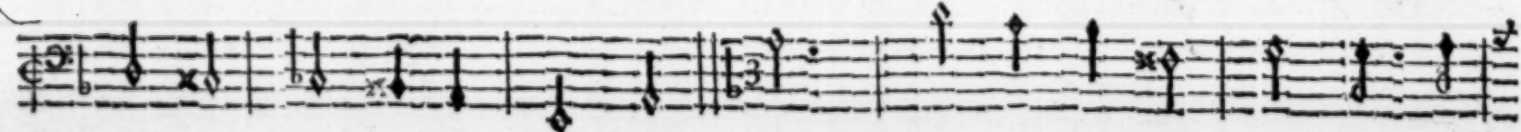
Look how thy Hairs are fall-ing all; poor *A-na-creon*, how they fall. Whether I grow



old or no : By th'effects I do not know. This I know without be-ing told, 'tis time to



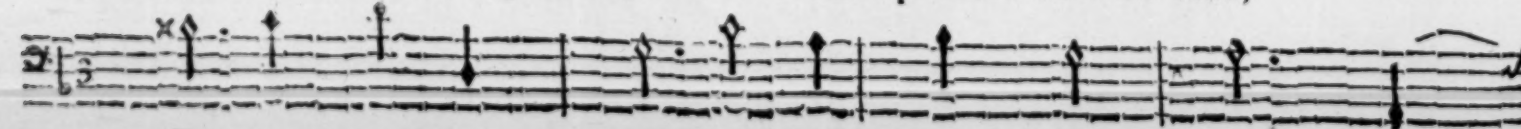
old or no : By th'effects I do not know. This I know without being told, 'tis time to



Live if I grow old, 'tis time short pleasure now to take, of lit-tle



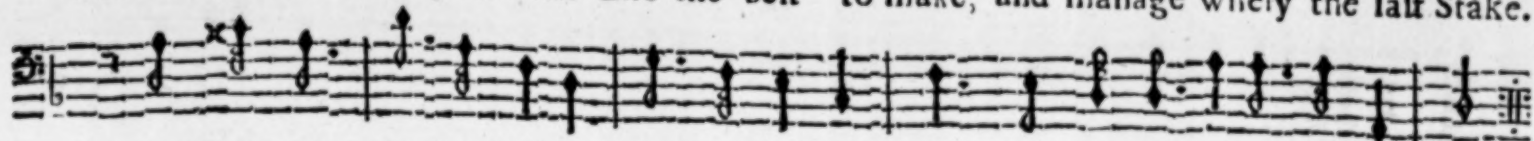
live, 'tis time to live if, I grow old, 'tis time short pleasure now to take,



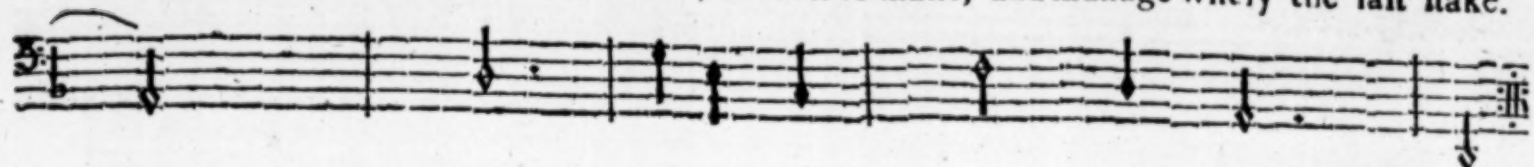
Life



Life the best to make, of little Life the best to make, and manage wisely the last Stake.

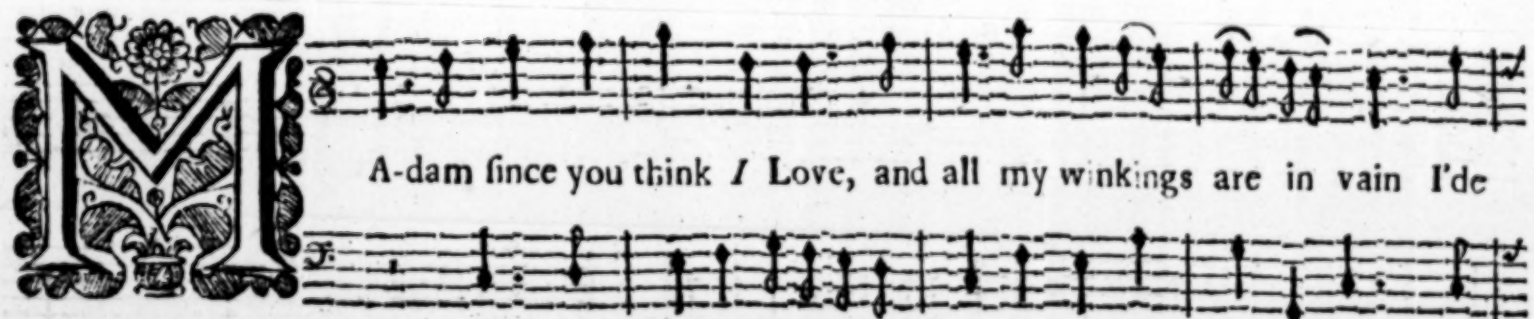


of lit-tle Life the best to make; the best to make, and manage wisely the last stake.

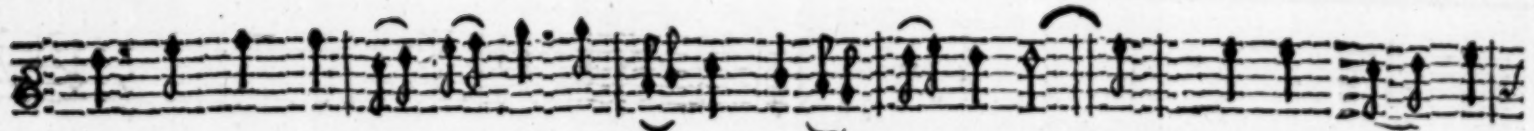


Mr. Henry Purcell.

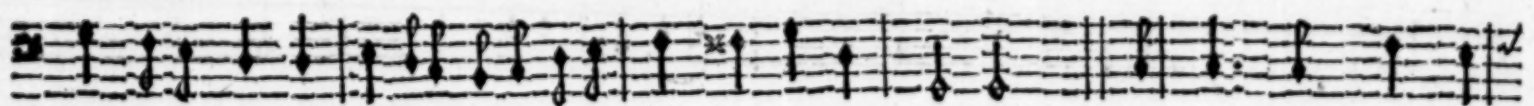
S O N G.



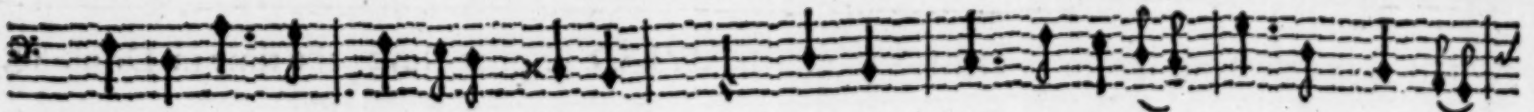
A-dam since you think I Love, and all my winkings are in vain I'de



have you know I am a--bove the for mal mel-ting ly-ing stran; I thought you lov'd as



well as I, which made me gen -tly mine express; by that confounded leer-ing Eye, you



long for some-thing more I guess.



l.l.

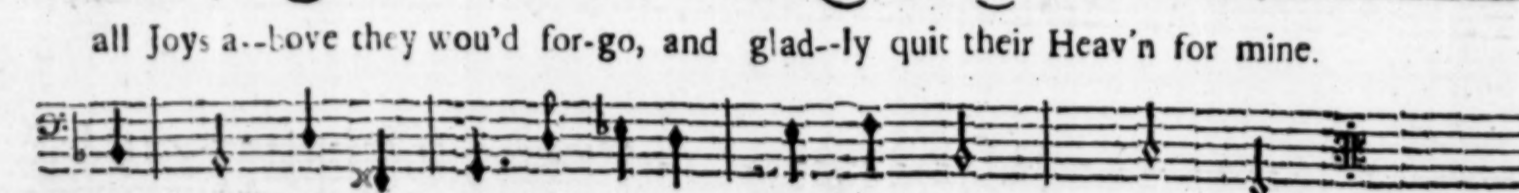
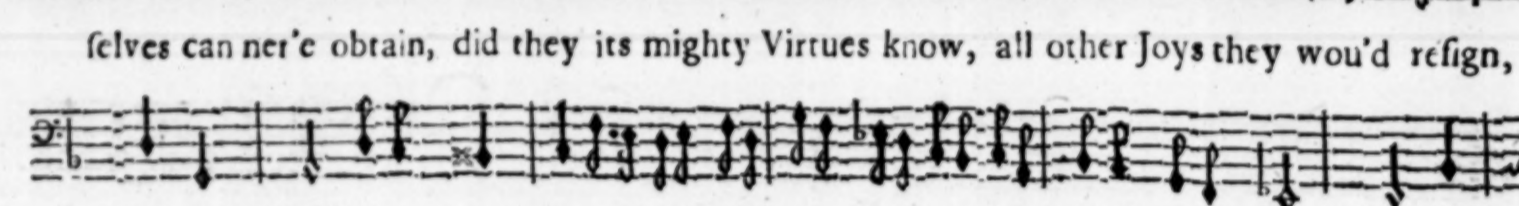
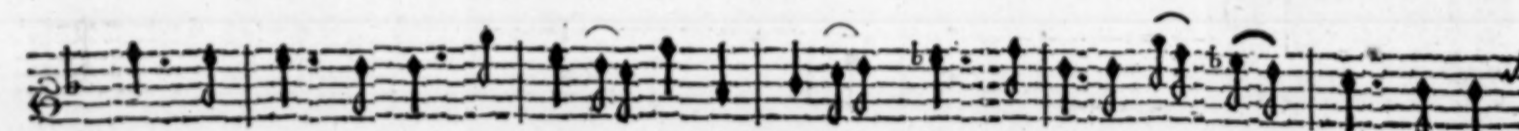
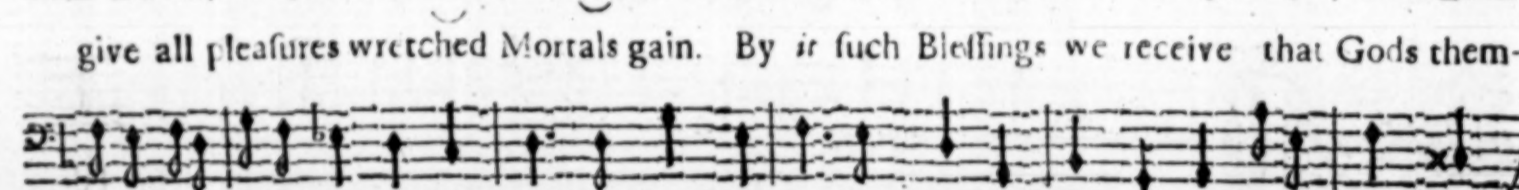
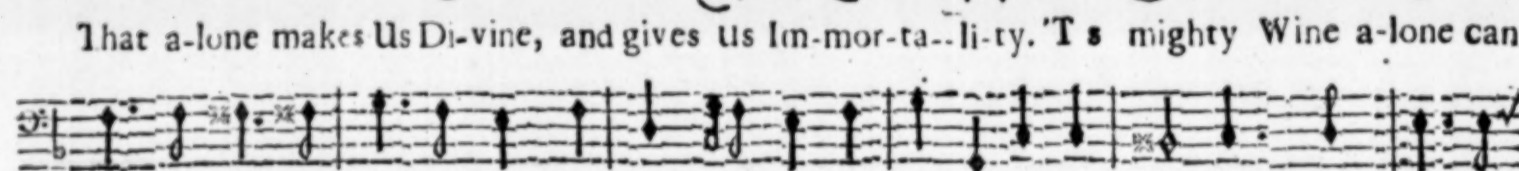
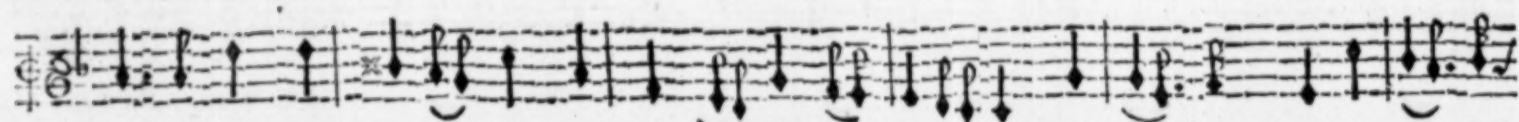
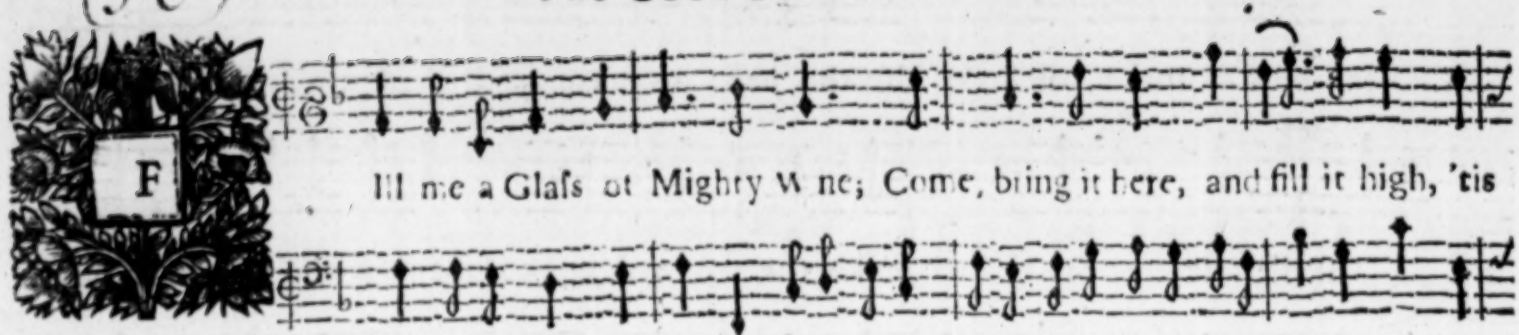
What if I desir'd a Kiss?
I'm sure you know the reason on't,
Enjoyment's next to Heavenly Bliss,
And both had shar'd if we had don't:
But You forsooth seem'd to deny,
And call your Honour for your guide;
Honour can never satisfy,
Or heal a Wound so deep and wide.

E

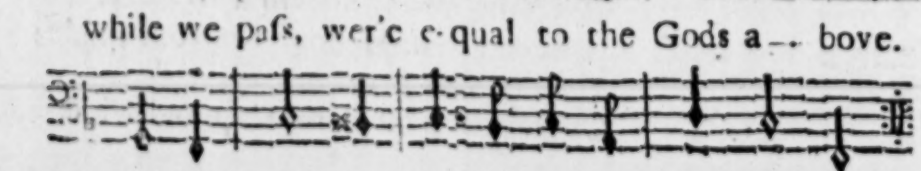
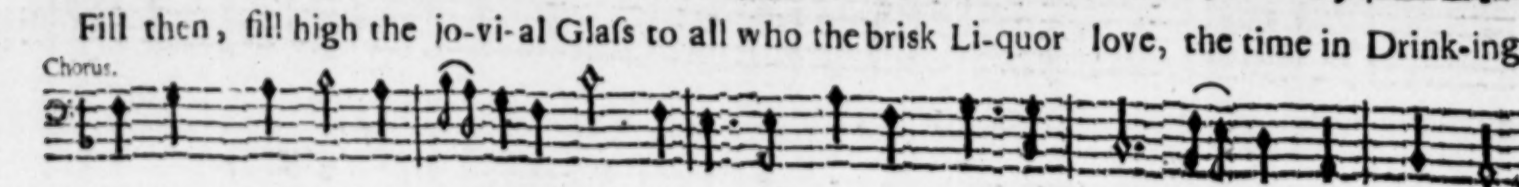
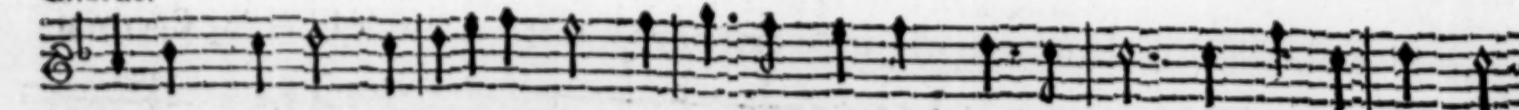
Mr. Sam. Akerside.

(16)

The Good Fellow.



Chorus.



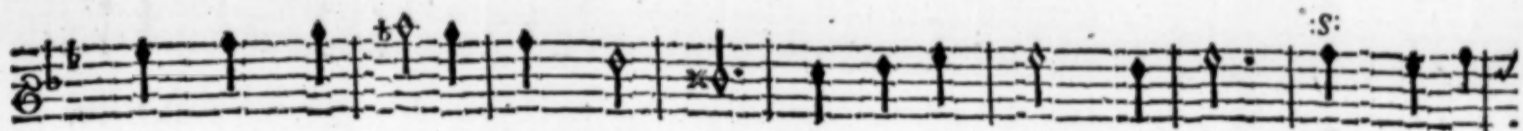
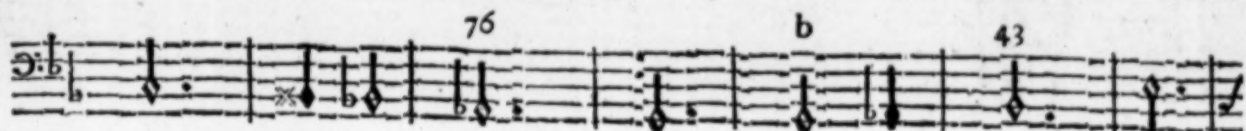
Mr. Tho. Farmer B.M.

A M I N T O R.

(17)



— *Min-tor*, did you know the pain your ab-sence does cre—ate !



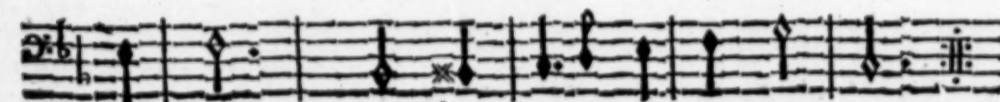
how your *Co-rin-na* does com-plain, and curses *Love*, and *Fate* ! You by one



Look wou'd soon re-lieve a Heart op-press'd with *care* ! Ah ! Let not your



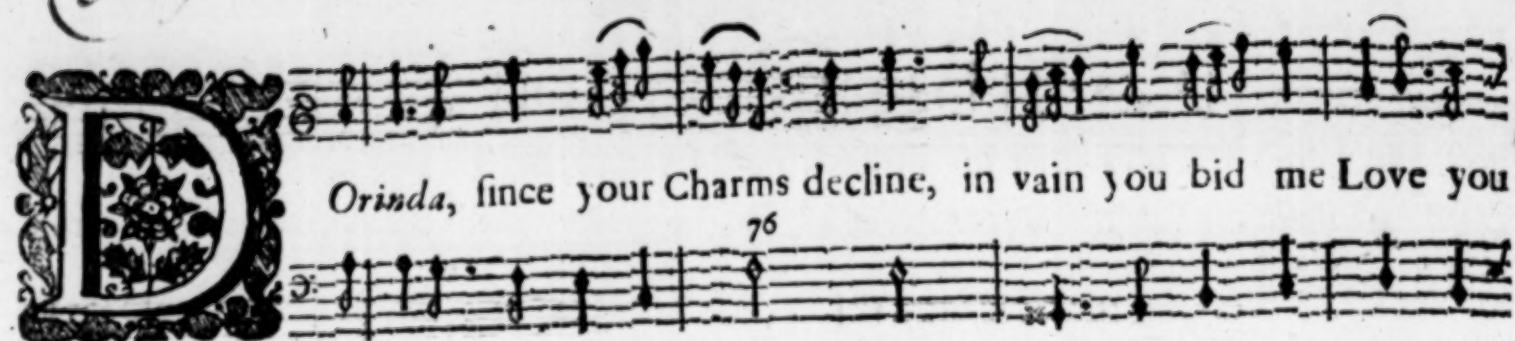
Co-rin-na, grieve, lest She at last Despair.

*Answer to the same Ayre.*

While You of Absence thus complain,
Corinna I confess,
 I'm pleas'd to think you are in pain;
 Nor can I wish it less.
 Think not that this ill Nature shews,
 Or does unkindness prove;
 For 'tis with Joy *Amin-tor* Knows
 Your Grief is caus'd by Love.

Mr. Thomas Shadwell.

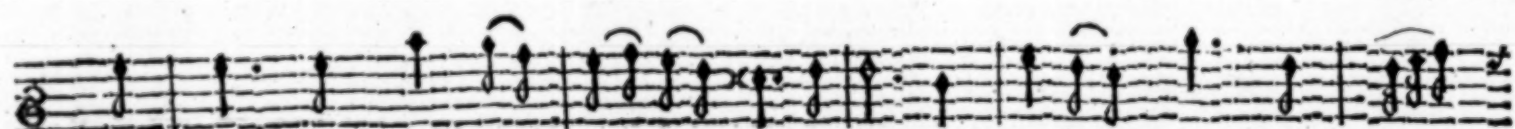
DORINDA.



Orinda, since your Charms decline, in vain you bid me Love you



more, when Beauties cease to be Divine, 'tis I—do—li—zing to Adore.



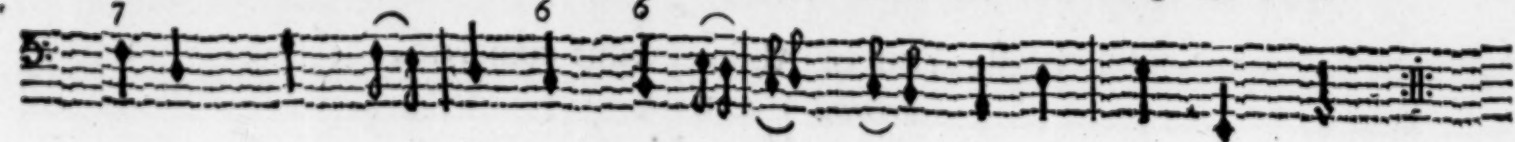
Your Eyes that once with pow'ful Influence Loves richest Fruits pro—duc'd



upon my Heart; Now, now with diminish'd Light their Beams dispence, and



fail to wound with all the helps of Art, with all the helps of Art.



II.

Yet out of Gratitude I strove,
When Passion could no longer last,
To guild the failures of my Love,
And act with pain the pleasures past.
But your too curious Sense discern'd the Cheat,
Conceal'd in the disguise of labour'd Joy;
And in the midst of Loves mysterious treat,
A nice disgust did all your Bliss destroy,
Did all your Bliss destroy.

Mr. Sam. Akeroyde.



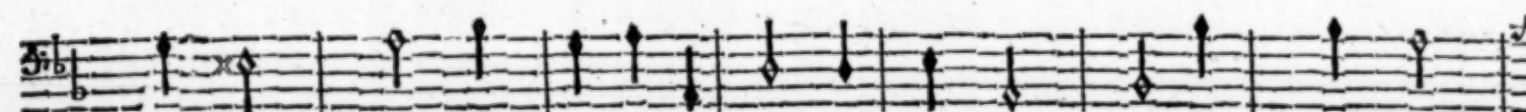
IFE is but a Mea-sure of pro-fit and plea-sure, and Life with-out



Love, is a wretched Dream; It melts the hard hear-ted, re-calls Hope de-par-ted, and



mi-ti-gates Sor-rows in their ex-tream. How hap-py the Lover, or whose Heart does



ho-ver, such plea-sures, such plea-sures as Love can give to Kifs, Sigh and Languish 'twixt



plea-sure and an-guish, who wou'd not in Loves hap-py Do-mi-nion for e-ver, for e ver live



II.

While Youth is growing, Love longs to be knowing,
 The Blossom must open when Warmth draws near.
 Kind Nature near ceases to grant us what pleases,
 And Love is the Musick of our Sphere.
 'Tis Musick's soft motion that helps Loves Devotion;
 'Tis Musick, 'tis Musick what Love injoyn'd;
 Makes Fools (void of Measure,) Have sense of our Pleasure,
 And makes the precise hater of Women
 In Loves pow'rful Charms grow blind.

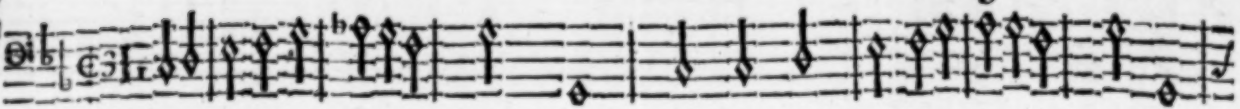
(20)

(18)

A SONG upon a Ground by Mr. Henry Purcell.



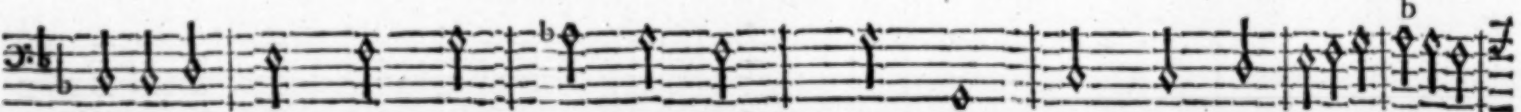
O So-li-tude my sweet — rest c' oice; O So-li-tude,



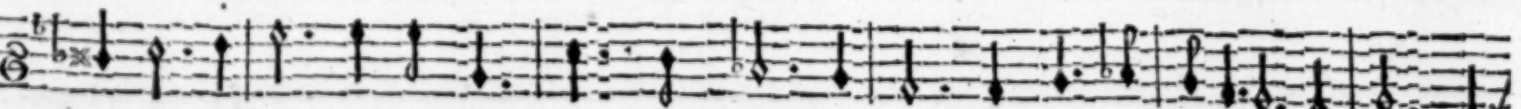
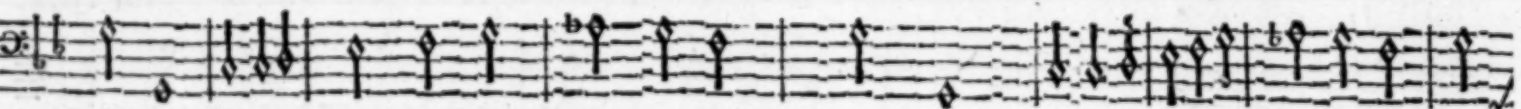
O So-li-tude, my sweet — — — — — rest, sweetest choice places, de-vo-ted to the Night, re-



mote from Tumult, and from Noise how ye my rest — — — — — less thoughts de-light. O



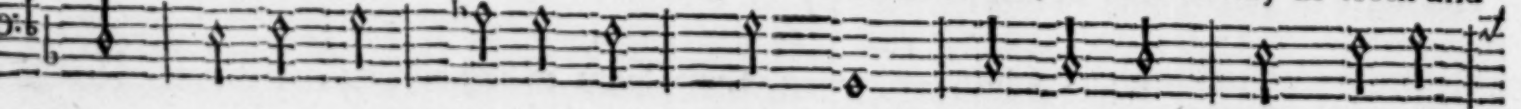
So-li-tude, O Solitude, my sweet — — — — — rest sweetest choice. O Hea-vens what



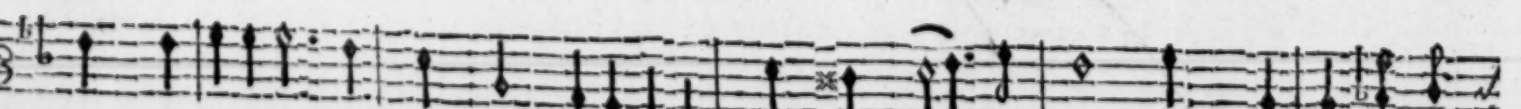
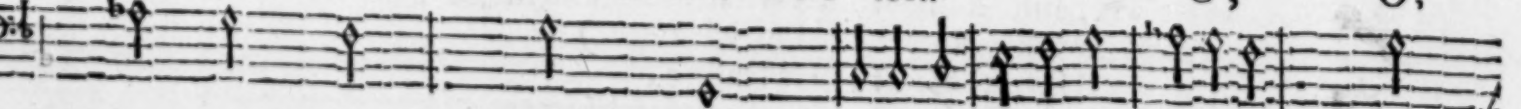
con-tent is mine, to see those Trees which have ap-pear'd from the Na-ti-vi-ty of Time, and



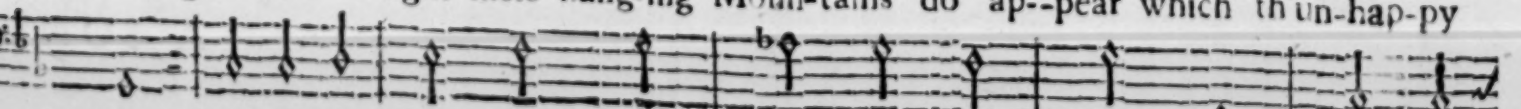
which all a-ges have re-ver'd to look to day as fresh and Green, to look to day as fresh and

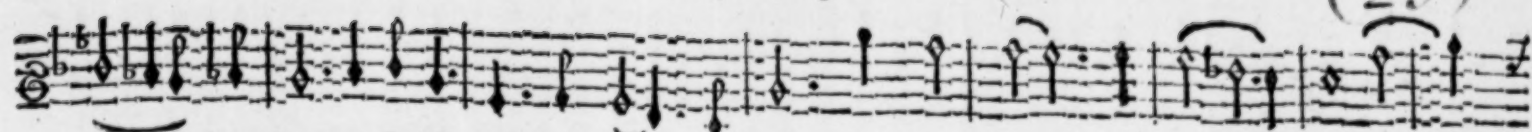


Green, as when their Beau-ties first were seen O, O,

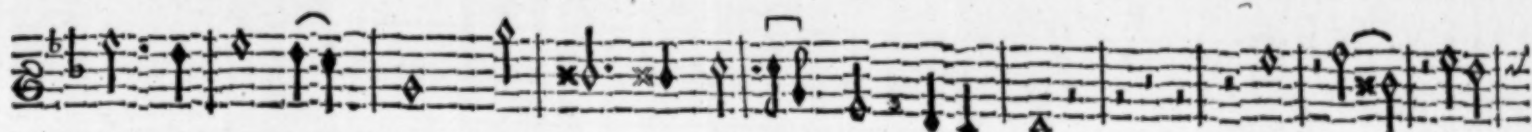
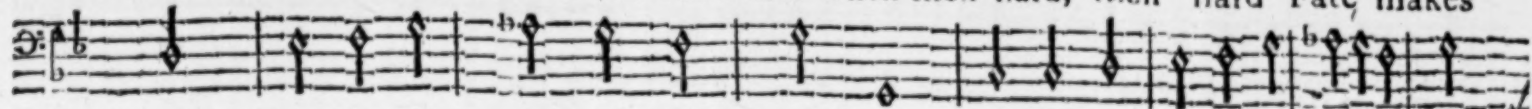


how a-gree-able a sight these hang-ing Moun-tains do ap-pear which th'un-hap-py

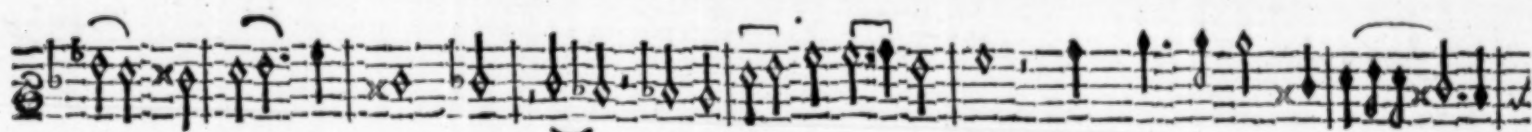
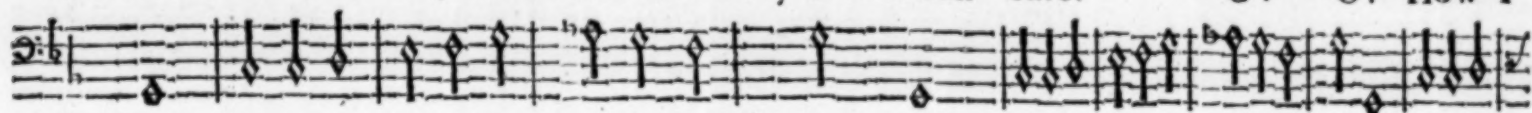




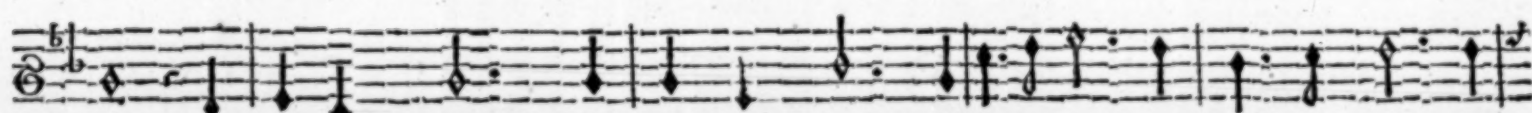
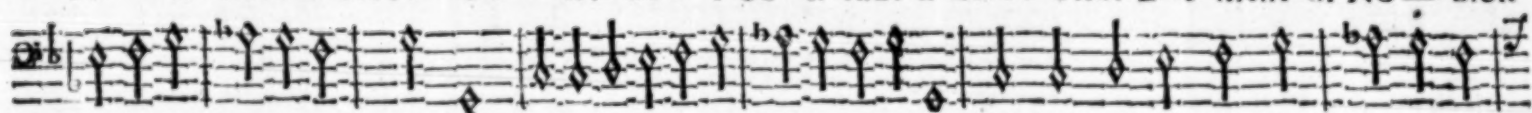
wou'd in-vite to finish all their sor-rows here when their hard, their hard Fate makes



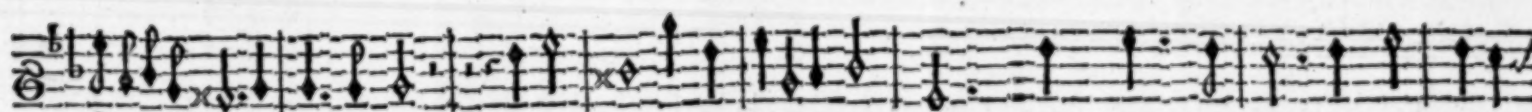
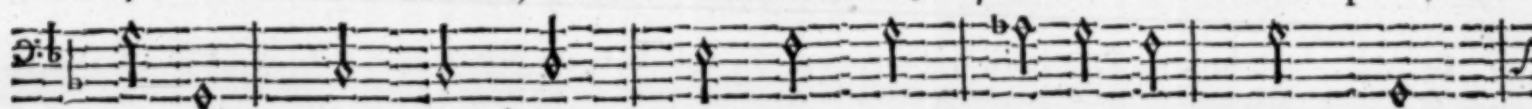
them en-dure such Woes, such Woes as on-ly Death can cure. O! O! How I



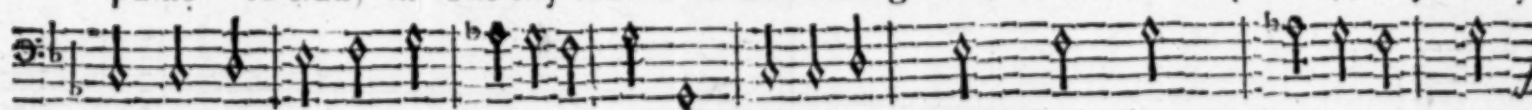
So — li-tude a-dore! O! O! how I So — li-tude a-dore! That E-'e-ment of No — blest



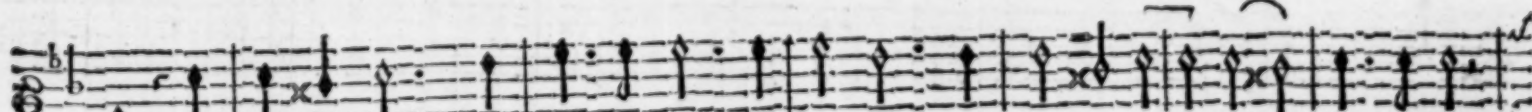
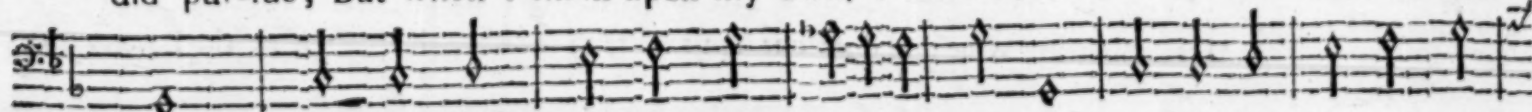
wit, where I have Learn'd, where I have Learn'd; A-pollo low'r without the pains, the



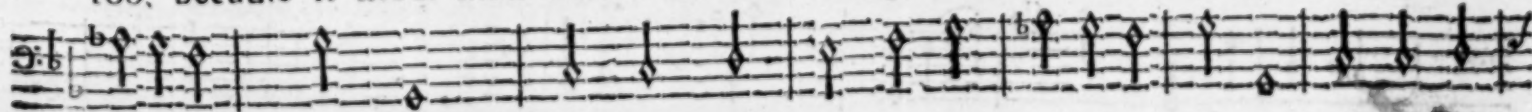
pains to study it. For thy sake I in Love am grown, with what thy Fancy, thy Fancy



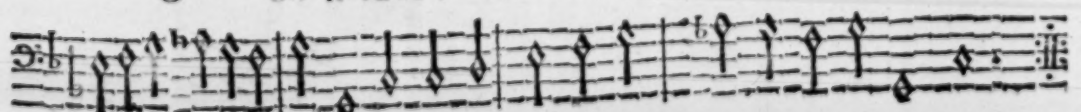
did pur-sue; But when I think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that rea-son



too, because it needs must hinder me from seeing, from seeing, and from serving thee.



O So — li-tude! O! how I So — li-tude a-dore!



(22)

SONG.



Rink, Drink my Lads, and ne-ver For-tune court; Lets Rant and Roar,



Drink, Drink my Lads, and ne-ver For-tune Court; Lets Rant & Roar,



Lets Rant and Roar, and make the Jilt our sport. Let so-ber Fools the fic-kle Quean a-dore.



Lets Rant and Roar, and make the Jilt our sport. Let so-ber Fools the fic-kle Quean a-dore. Fill,



Fill, Fill the lu-sky Bowl till it run o're, Fill the lu-sky Bowl till it run o're.



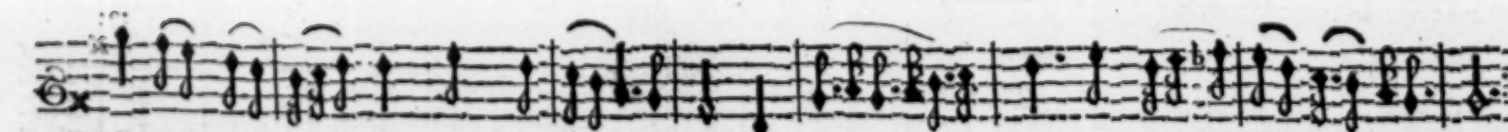
Fill the lu-sky Bowl, the lu-sky Bowl; Fill, fill the lusty Bowl, the lu-sky Bowl, till it run o're.



'Tis migh-ty Wine that does our Spi-rits raise, a--bove the *Law-rel*, or the Poets Bays.



'Tis migh-ry Wine that does our Spi-rits raise a--bove the *Law-rel*, or the Po-ets Bays.



Then take a Bumper; give's a jol-ly Song, we'll Con-quer Nature, and be al-ways Young

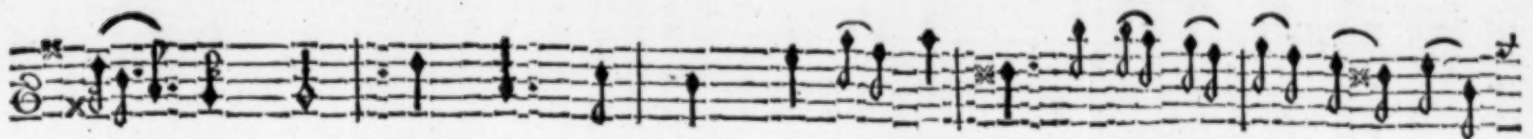


Then take a Bumper; give's a jol-ly Song, we'll Con-quer Nature, & be always Young

Mr. George Hart.



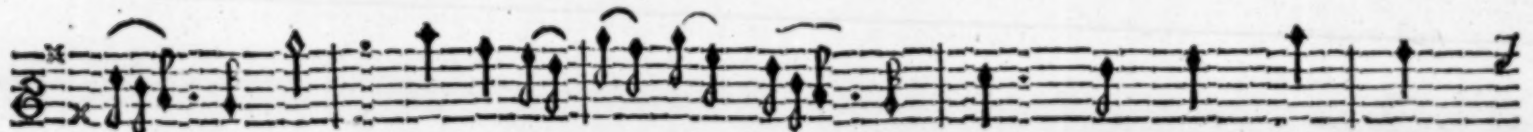
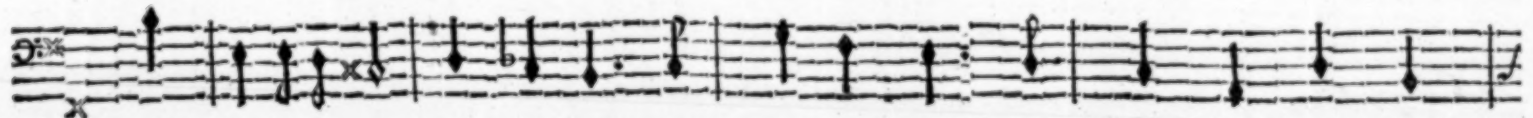
LONG wrestling with an An—gel Form, I've almost wea-ther'd



out the Storm, and made the bright *Au-re-lia* yield to pit-ty one her Frowns



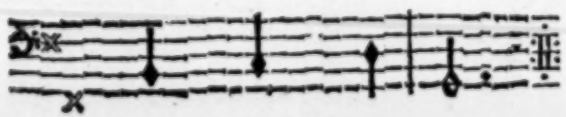
have kill'd ; But Pit-ty beaming from her Eyes hath made the wretch, tho'



Dead, to rise ; But Pit-ty beaming from her Eyes, hath made the Wretch,



tho' Dead, to rise.



II.

All her Words express her kind,
And all her Actions speak her mind,
Ten thousand ways she Love betrays,
And to her *Strephon* Heav'n displays.
Happy I dy'd, since from my Dust
I rise to th' Honour of the Just.
Happy I dy'd since Heav'n my Fate,
I rise to so Divine a state.

G

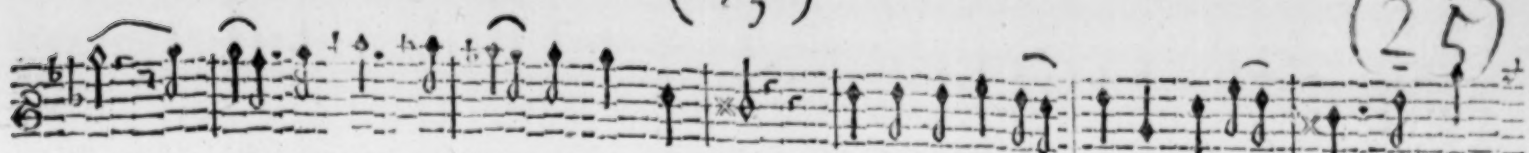
Mr. R. Courteville.



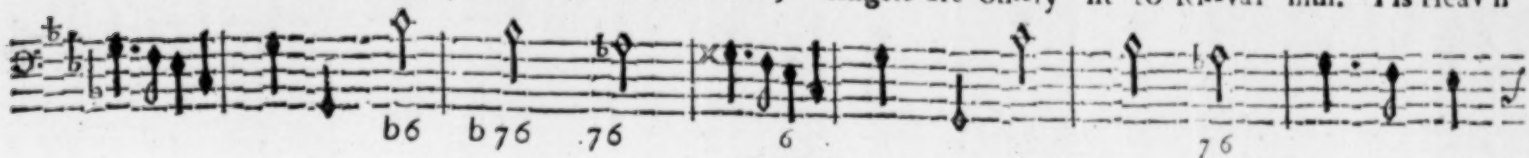
Ou're now for ever from A---fire---a gone, She the sad burthen must sup- port,
 a--- lone, of hope, less Love, and must the Grief su- stain, of Ab- sence; and what's har- der, your Dis- dain.
 My Heart's still yours, nothing can e're re- move, so fix'd, so perfect, and so sure a Love.
 And when my Soul's fill'd with Seraphick Fire, the Object will be chang'd, not my Desire. A Love like mine.
 There's none could e-----ver boast, which now burns brightest when my hopes are lost. A Love like mine
 There's none could e-----ver boast, which now burns brightest when my hopes are lost.
 That to Devotion does di- rect, di- rect my way, shews me a Dawn- ing of that Heav'n- ly Day ;

(23)

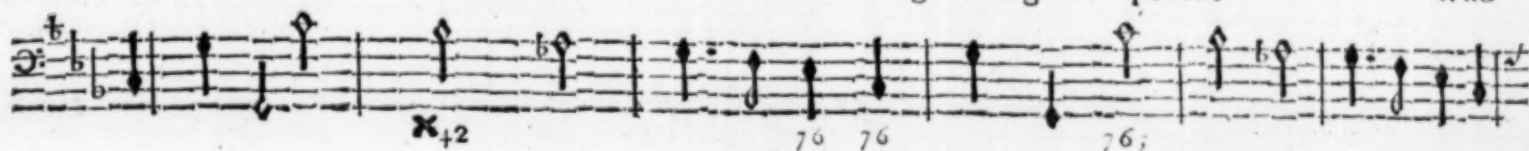
(25)



For all must own who *CE-LADON* have seen, Angels are on-ly fit to Ri-val him. 'Tis Heav'n



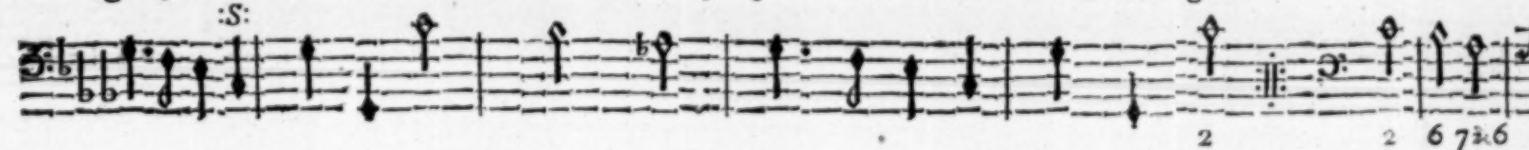
a-lone can sa-tis-fie that Breast, that with his Charm-ing I-mage was possesst. Who



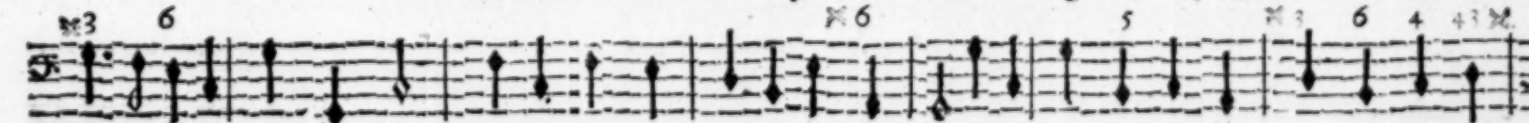
E're de-priv'd of such dear Hopes can live, with Ease may part with all the world, the world, can



give, with ease, with ease, with ease may part with all the world can give.



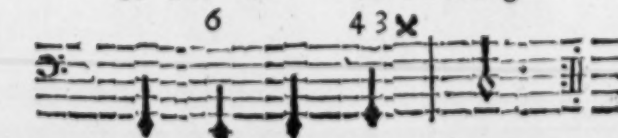
Then let none wonder if *A-fre-a* flies the sight of all, when banish'd from his



Eyes : When he's re-mov'd, she thinks on Earth, there's naught de-serves the trou-ble



of one mo-ments thought.



Mr. R. Courteville.



Id thee for e ver, e --- ver, with thee for ever I in Woods could

rest, with thee for e-ver I in Woods could rest, where ne- - - - ver Humane Foot the ground has prest.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest, where never humane foot the ground has prest.

Thou from all shades, all Darkneſs canſt exclude, and from a Deſart and from a De----ſart

banish so--li--tude; Thou from all shades, all darkness canst ex-clude, and from a De-fart,

and from a De--sart banish so--li--tude, and from a shade all darkness canst exclude, and

from a De ————— fart, De ————— fart banish so-li-tude, and from

a De-fart ba-nith fo -- li - tude.

Mr. Rob. King.

(25)

The Symphony to the following SONG. (27)

By Mr. R. Courteville.



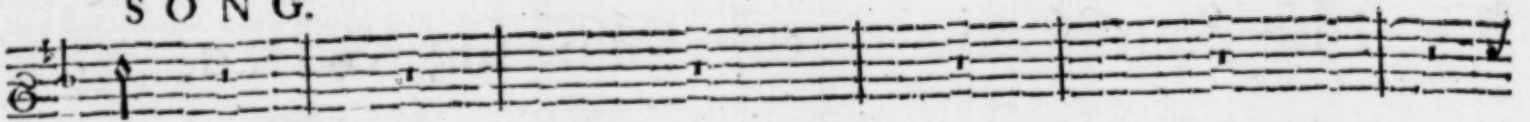
H

Creep

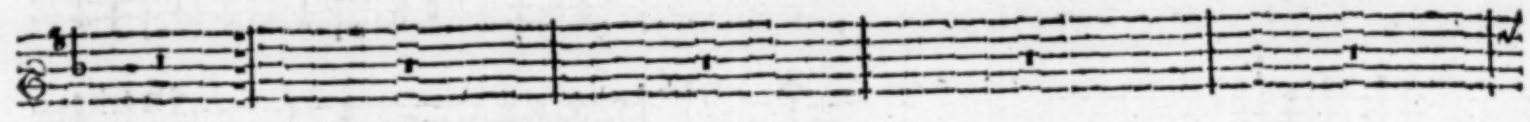
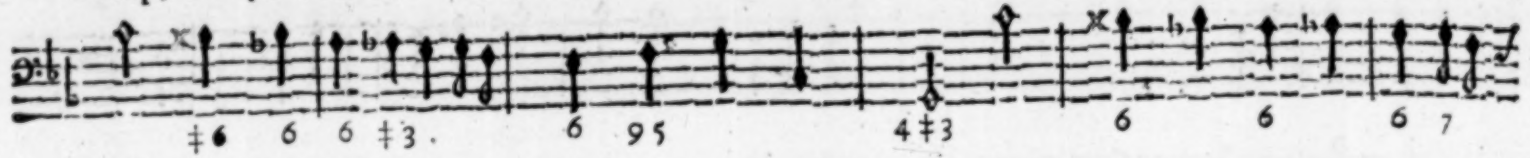
(27)

SONG.

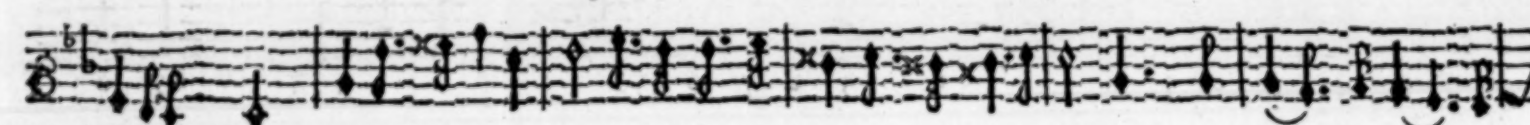
(26)



Creep, creep soft ly; creep purling Streams, whilst I go sleep; Wander not you fil ly

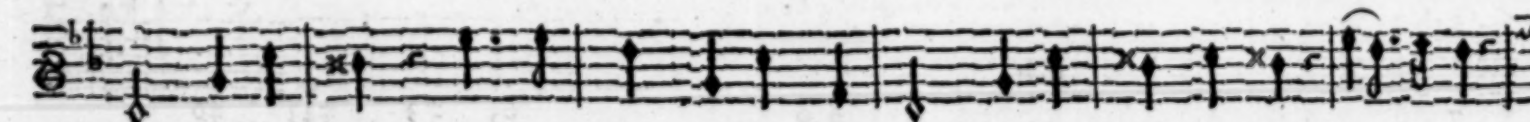


Sheep, but feed in peace, but feed in peace, but feed in peace, whilst I go sleep whilst



I go sleep.

Winds and Waves a-long the

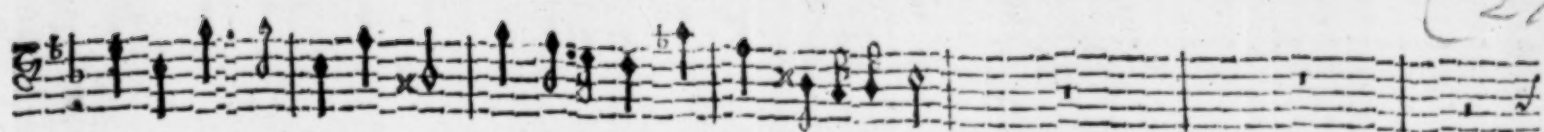


Deep, all be hush, Winds and Waves a-long the Deep, all be hush, be hush, all be hush,

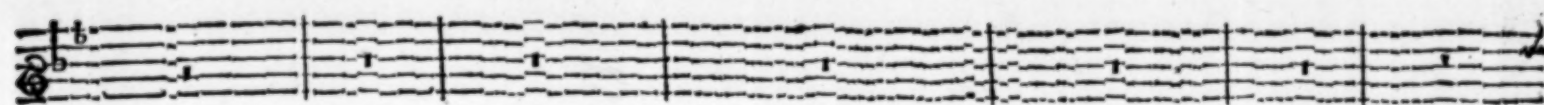


all be hush, all be hush whilst I go sleep.



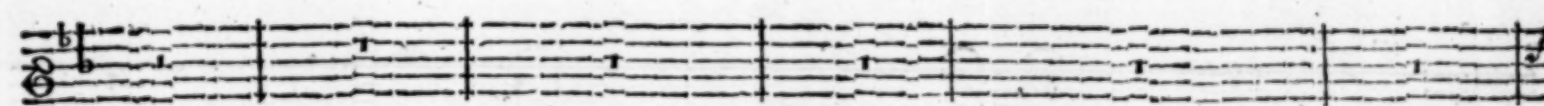


Creep, creep soft - ly, creep pur - ling streams

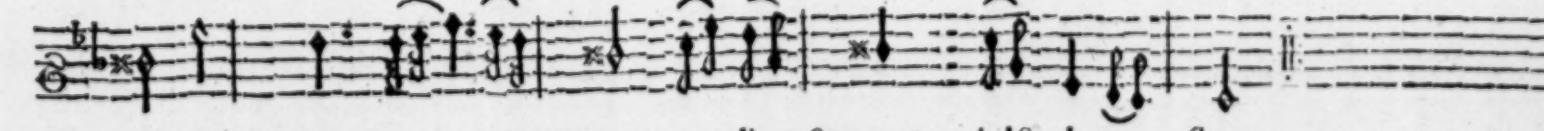
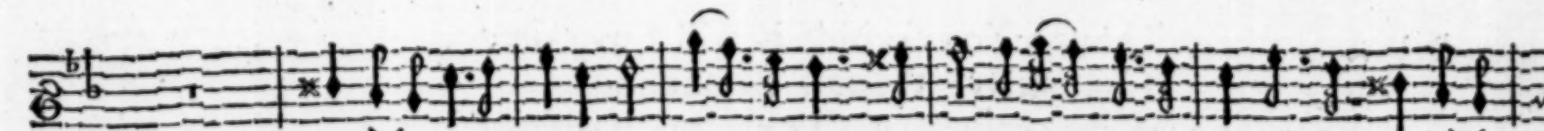


whilst I go sleep

Floods that flash from Rocks so steep; Gen - tly dash, gent - tly



dash, whilst I go sleep. Creep, creep soft - ly, creep pur - ling streams, whilst I go sleep:



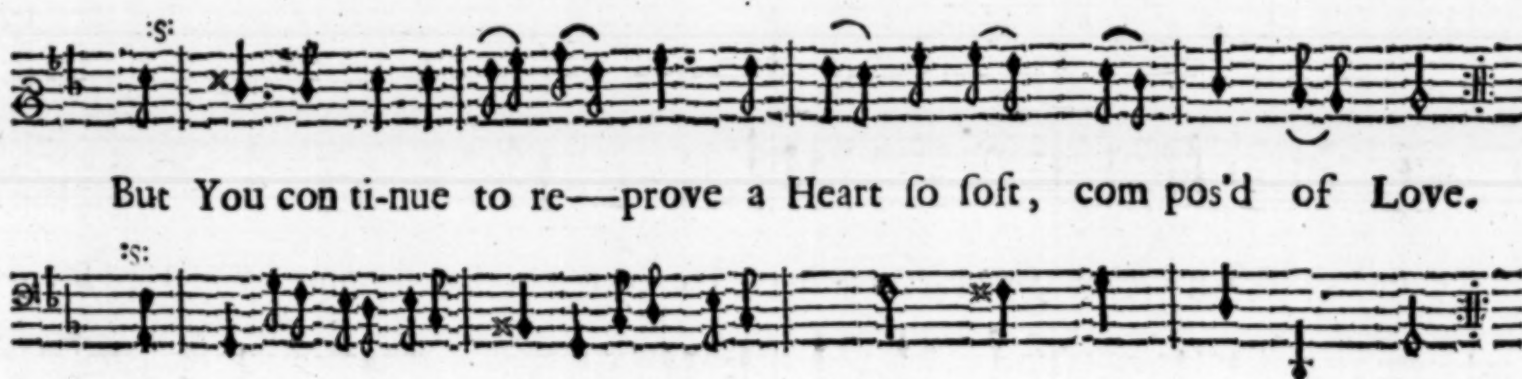
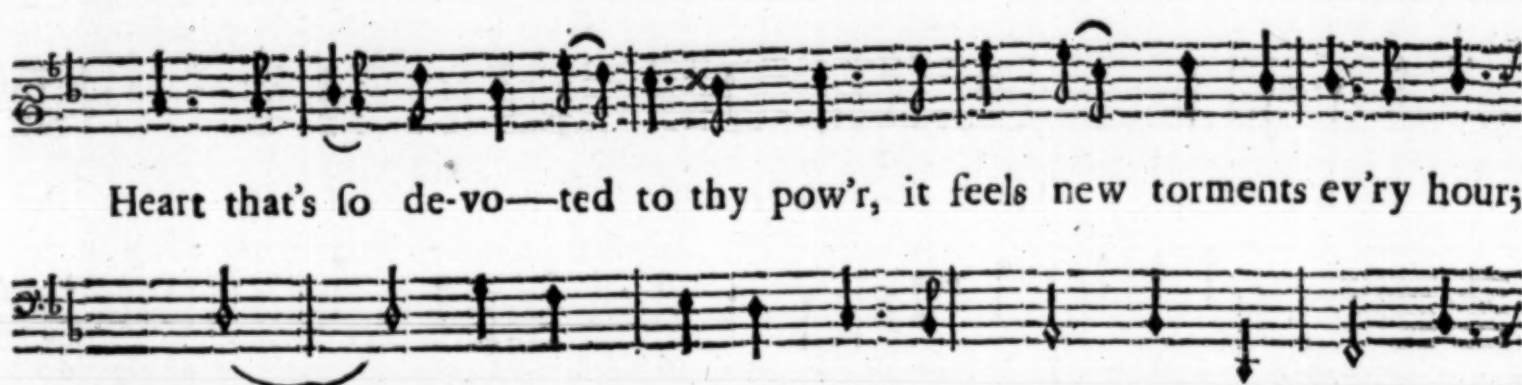
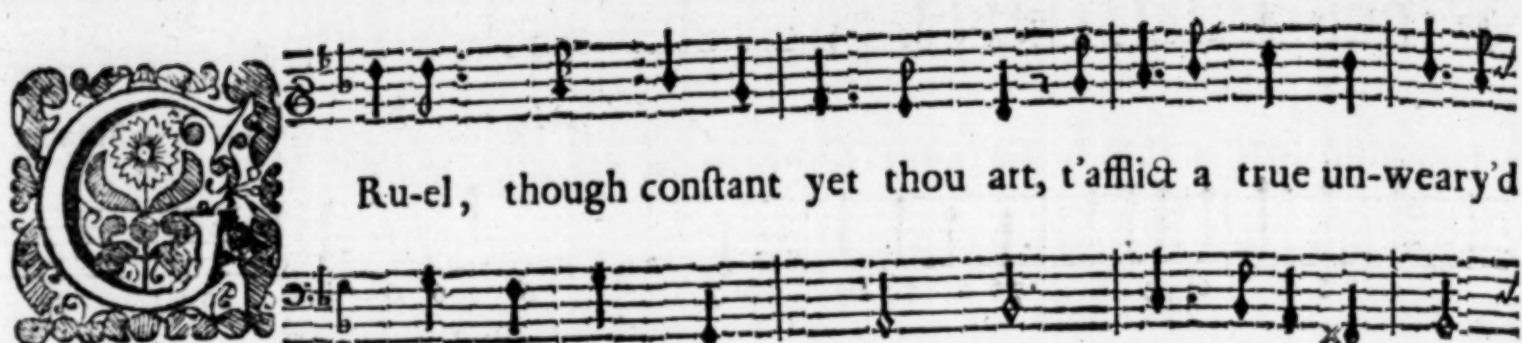
Creep, creep soft - ly, creep pur - ling streams, whilst I go sleep.



(28)

(28)

SONG.



II.

Though You forbid, it will Love on ;
Tis positive, though 'tis undone.
Where conquering Love does Regent sit,
It will no Negative admit :
Then Heart pursue the Fatal prize,
Resolv'd to be Loves Sacrifice.

Mr. Charles Green.



Hat *Cæ—lia* now my Heart does claim, *Phil—lis* You must not



think it strange, the Object alter'd not the Flame; Or, if it cease to be the



same, 'tis You have made the cha—nge. E—ter—nal con—stan—cy I swore, and



held, till *Phil—lis* chang'd her Mind; But since you'l hear of Love no more, My Vow is



kept while I a—dore a Nymph that's tru—ly kind.

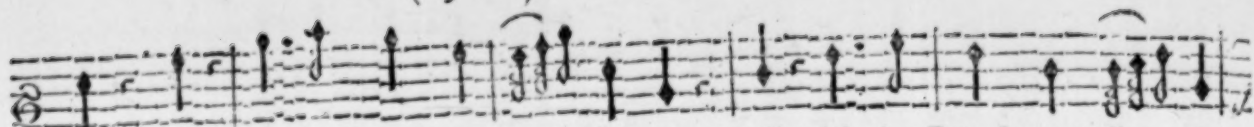


II.

Plac'd high the Element of Love,
My Heart wou'd always point one way,
As Weather-cocks wou'd constant prove.
But when the Veering Winds remove,
The Engines must obey.
My Heart tho' several Beauties gain,
The Fort is still Loves constant seat,
As Rocks are constant to the Main,
And their old Stations do retain,
When fickle Waves retreat.

Printed
(30)

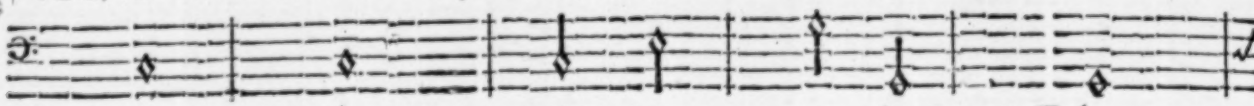
(30)



ILL, Fill, Fill the Bowl with Ro-fy Wine; Fill, fill the Bowl with Ro-fy



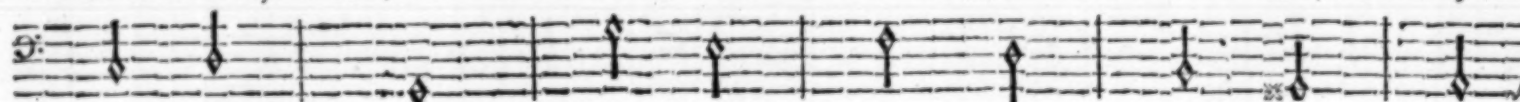
ILL, fill the Bowl with Ro-fy Wine; Fill, fill the Bowl with Ro-fy Wine, the



Wine, with Ro-fy Wine, a-ro ———— nd our Temples, a-ro ———— und our Temples



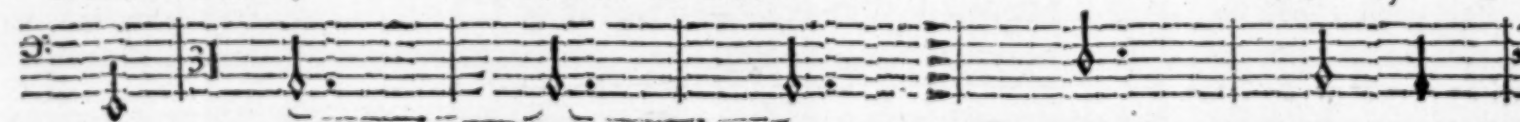
Bowl with Ro-fy Wine; a-ro ———— und our Temples



Ro-fes twine, and let us cheer ———— ful-ly a while, and let us cheer-ful-ly a



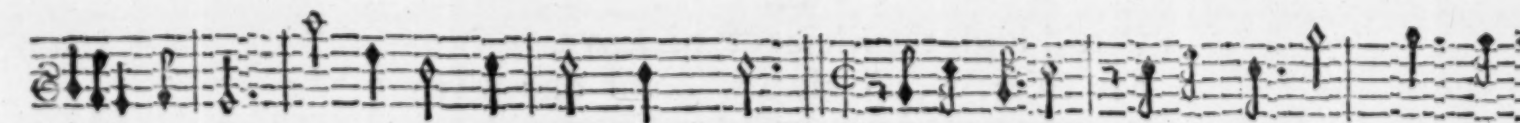
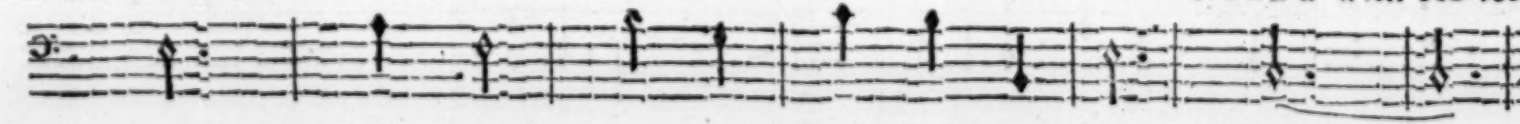
Ro-fes twine; and let us cheer ———— ful-ly a



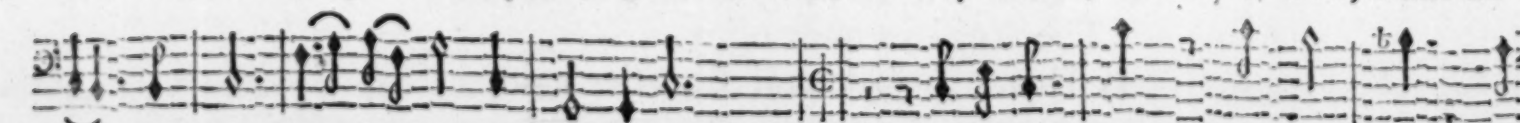
while, like the Wine and Ro-fes smile, like the Wine and Ro-fes smile. Crown'd with Ro-fes



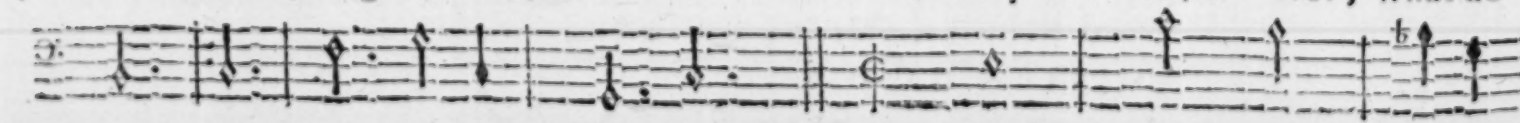
wh e like the crown'd with Ro-fes



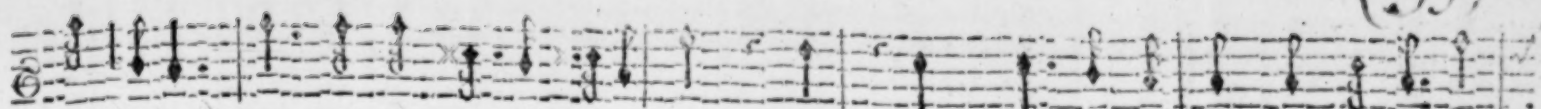
we contemn Gy-ges wealthy Di-a-dem crown'd; To day is ours, to day is ours, what do



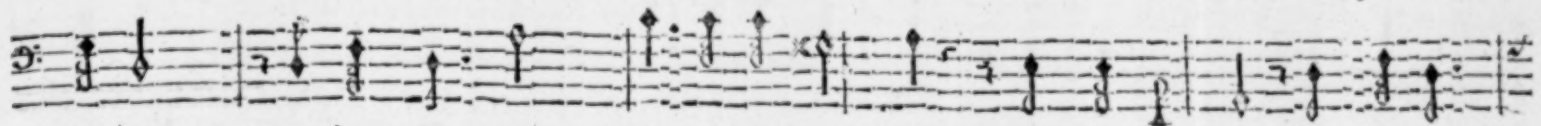
we contemn Gy-ges wealthy Di a-dem. To day is ours, is ours; what do



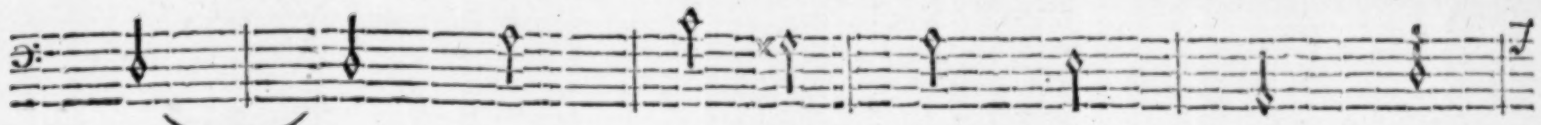
we



we fear, what do we fear to day is ours ; what, what, what do we fear, to day is ours,



we fear, to day is ours ; what do we fear, what, what do we fear, to day is



is ours; we have it here, let's Treat it, treat it kind--ly, that it may wish at least,



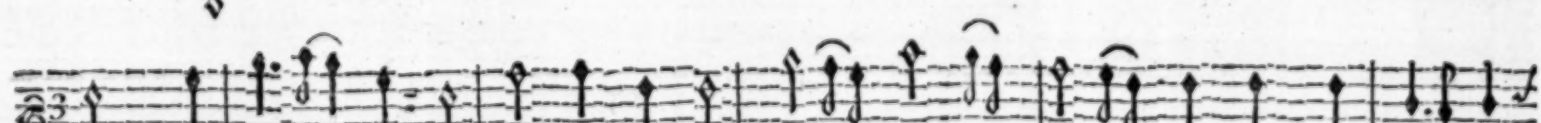
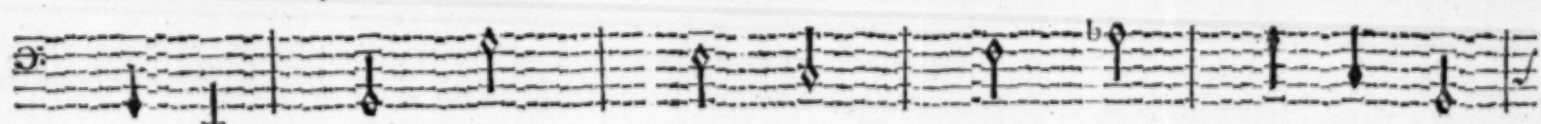
ours, is ours; we have it here, let's Treat it, treat it kindly, that it may wish at least,



with us to stay; Let's Treat it kind--ly, that it may wish, at least, with us to



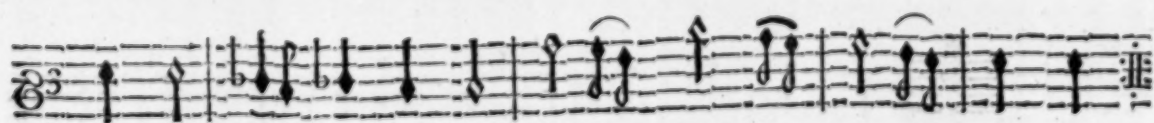
with us to stay; Let's Treat it kind--ly, that it may wish, at least, with us to



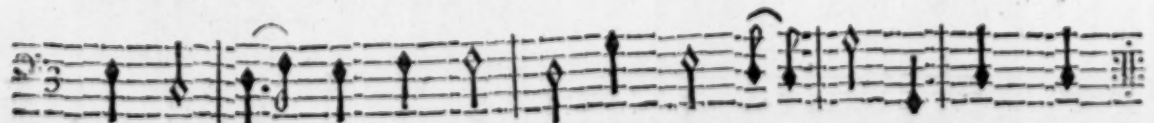
stay. Let's ba-nish Business, ba-nish for-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row. Lets ba-nish



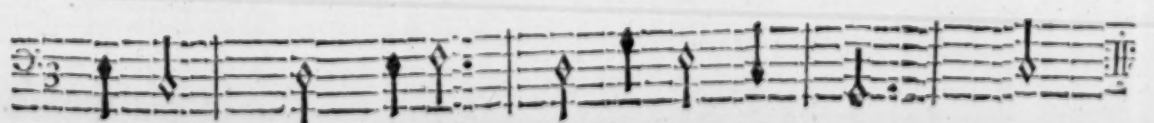
stay. Let's ba-nish Business, ba-nish for-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row. Let's ba-nish



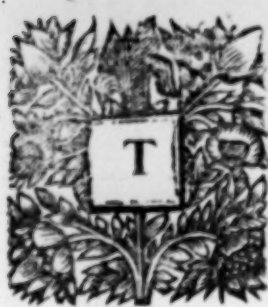
Business, ba--nish for-row, to the Gods be--long to mor-row.



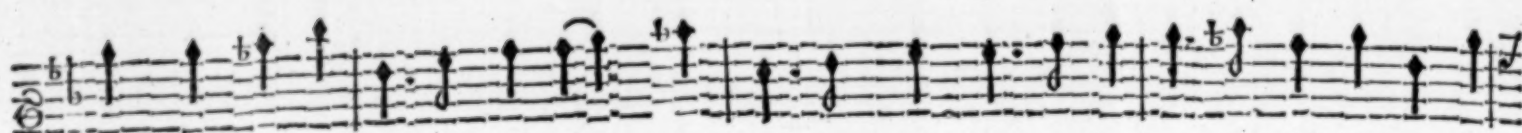
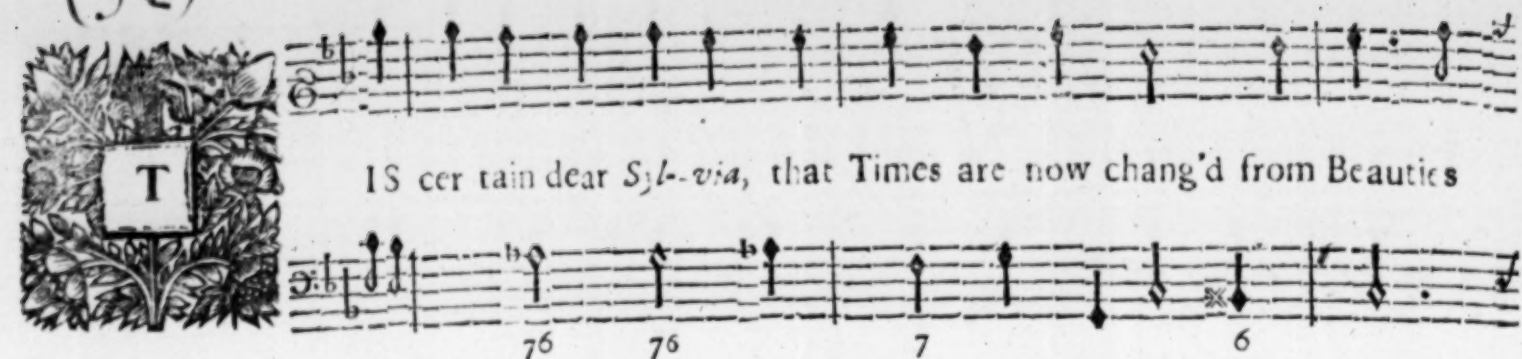
Business, ba--nish for-row, to the Gods be--long to mor--row.



Mr. Henry Purcell



IS cer tain dear Syl-via, that Times are now chang'd from Beauties



soft Charms I must fol-low Al-larms, and leave thy dear Arms for a Suit of hard Armour the



Robe of the War. War, War that makes *Hero's* immortal, and builds up a Monarchs Re-



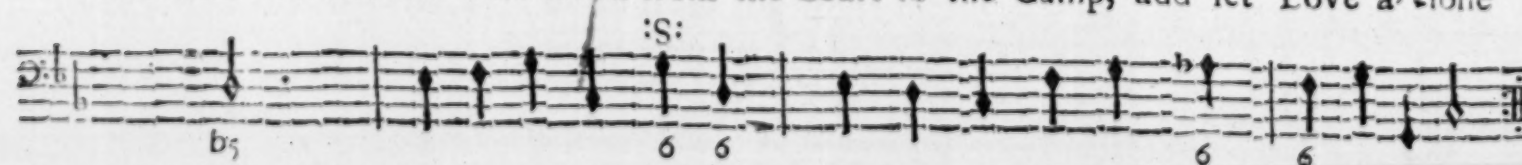
nown.. 'Tis true, when I see those dear Eyes, Ah! when I think of those Joys that



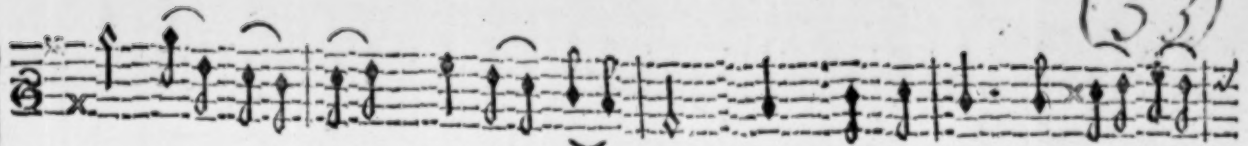
have charm'd thy Soul and mine, tho' I cou'd curse that bui--sy bus--ling Time. Then I



cou'd wish that *ambition* were flown from the Court to the Camp, add let Love a-lone



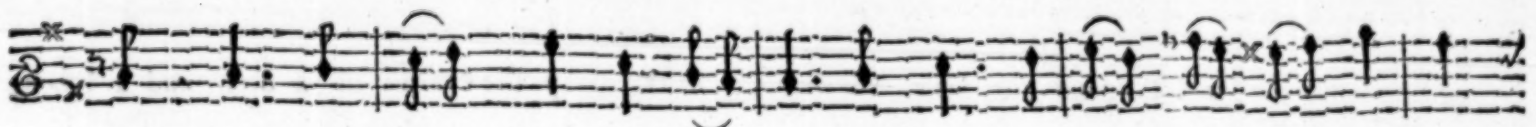
Mr. Sam. Akroyde.



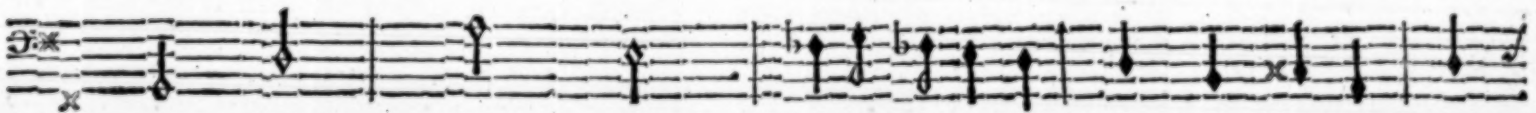
IS *Cælia's* sweet pre.vail-ing Face meets ev'ry winning melting



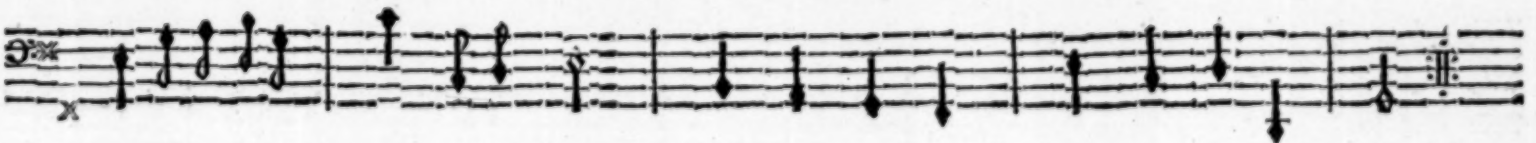
Grace; the Glory's of her conqu'ring Eyes, delight ev'n then when they sur-prize.



And when their charms they do im-part, and conquers where she finds a Heart,



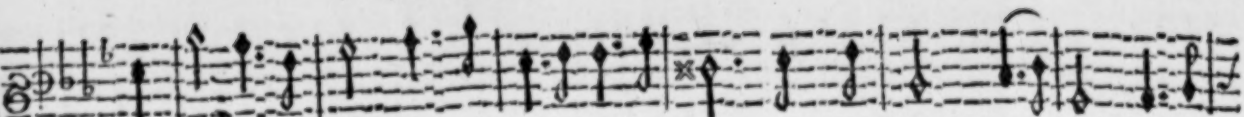
all her mind, Riches here conspire, and with fresh Fu - - el feed the Fire.



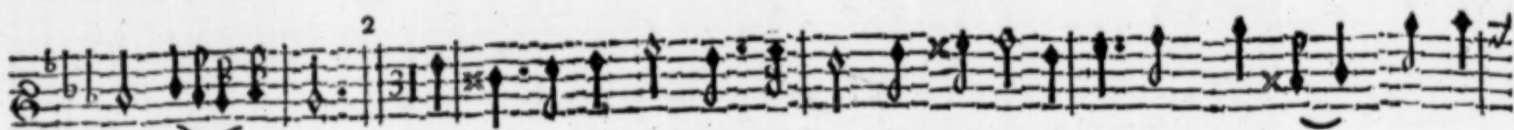
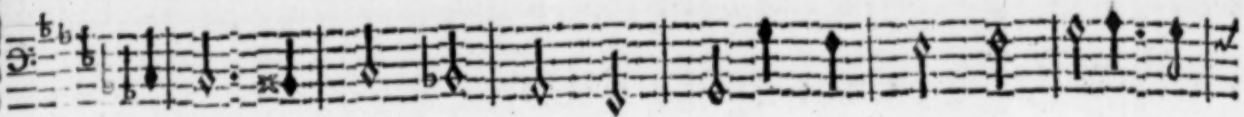
II.

Nor are her Charms so low and mean,
No more than in her Features seen:
Her kind Expressions still agrees,
And with her Graces sympathy's.
Who hears her speak, and's not amaz'd?
How strangely are the Senses seiz'd?
A pleasant humour She'l mantain,
Her powerful Wit secures her Reign.

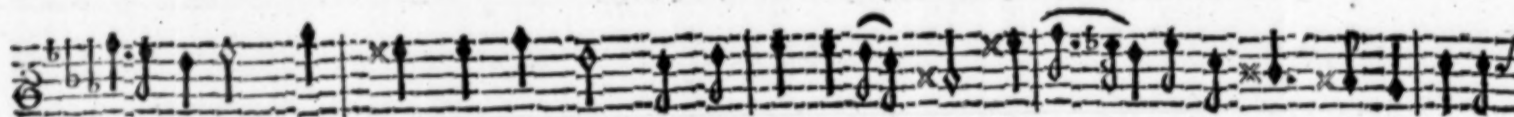
Mr. C. Green;



Ince Men are so false, and their flat-re-ry so true, should a Nymph be lieve, and their



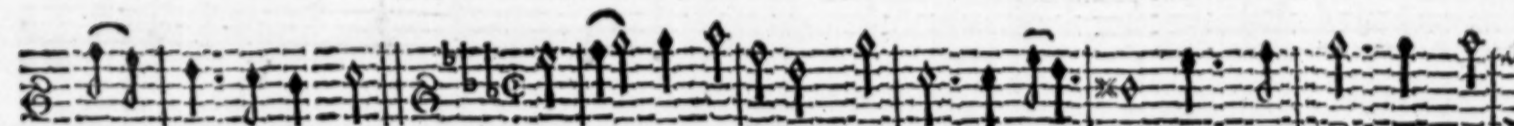
Con-quest pur-sue. Each Beauty they see, they protest they Adore, as if they'd ne're vow'd the same



passion before; feign'd Torments they shew, and with Po-e-try paint the charms of a Sigh, and a Dy-ing

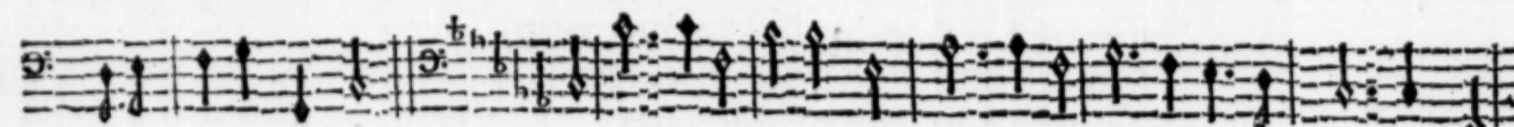


com-plaint. Then they me-rit no pit-ty when burnt by true Flame, they so oft have prophan'd the

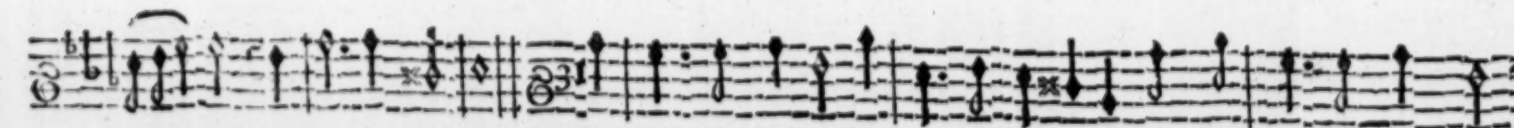


great Loves Divine Name.

But shall we be Cruel? Our Na-ture de-nies when their Love and Death

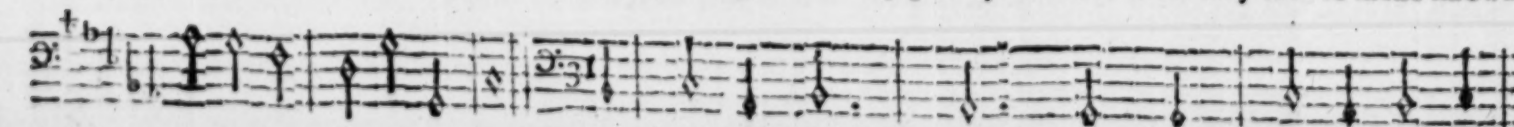


Try-umph in lan-guish-ing Eyes when Sy-lene moves more than the Varnish of Wit, and in paleness more

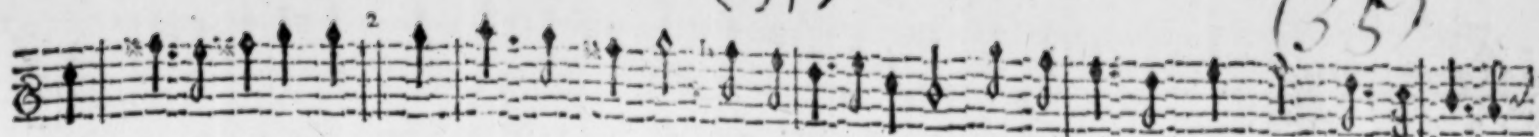


charm-ing than Beauty they fit.

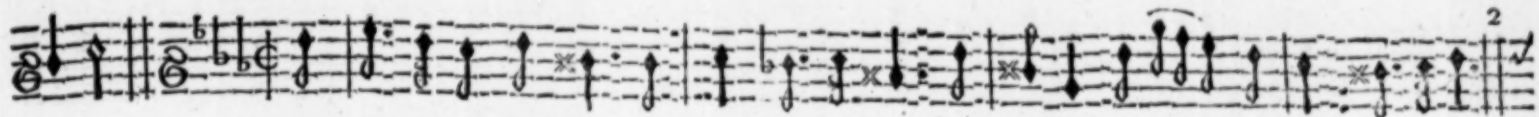
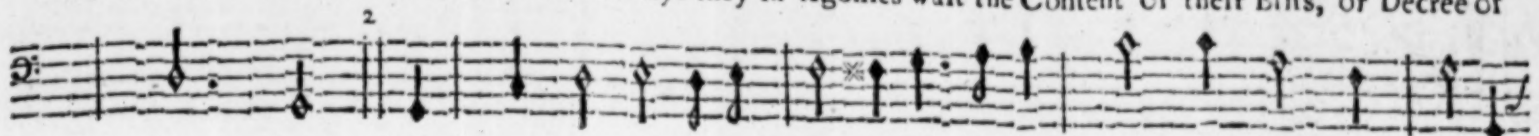
Yet fault'ring at last they plainly discover what they fear to make known.



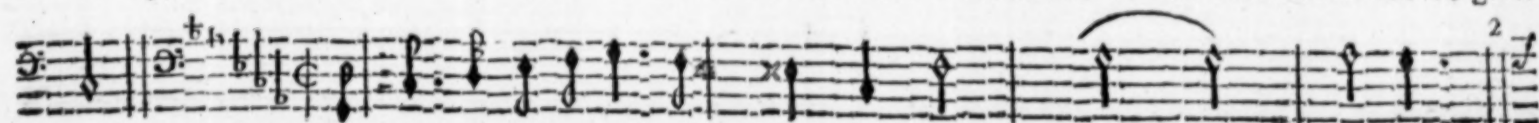
The



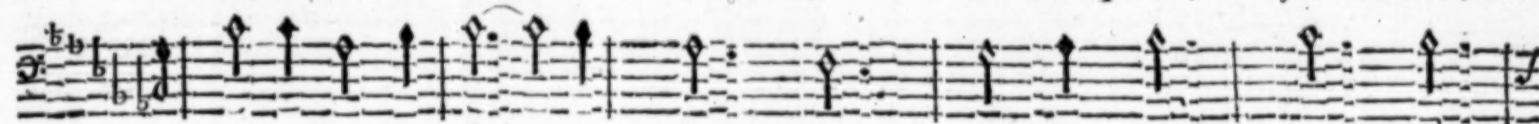
the Name of a Lover. When fix'd on our Eys they in Agonies wait the Consent of their Bliss, or Decree of



their Fate. But how can we believe what's us'd to deceive? what Credit to bro - ken Vows can we give?



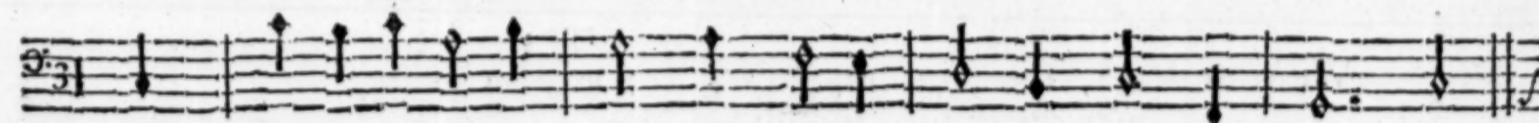
Our Beauty we fondly Re-sign. In vain 'tis we hope to con - fine their Spi-rits; They're boundless, and



free, nor to be rul'd by Loves Di - vi - ni - ty, Nor to be rul'd by Loves Di - vi - ni - ty.



Then our selves we'll Em-brace, we'll Court our own Face, and on our own Temples new Chapters we'll place.



A Pride in their Ruine we'll take, and scorn the Addresses They make. Our Beauty shall sit Try-umph-ing



a-bove the reach of their Flat'ry, and the pow'r of their Love.



Mr. James Hart

(36)

ET the da-ring Advent'ers be tost on the Main, and for Riches no
Dangers de-cline, tho' with hazard the spoils of both *In--dies* they gain;
They can bring us no Trea-sure like Wine; Tho' with ha-zard the spoils of both *In--dies*
they gain, they can bring us no Treasure like Wine.

II-

Let the Gaudy young Fop, who spends most of his time
At his Glas, the Court, Play-House, and Park;
Write Sonnets to *Chlores*, and sweat for each Rhime,
To be thought a Poetical Spark.
Let the Lover look wan, sigh, and mourn for his Dear,
The bold Bully look pale with his Claps;
We who drink, spend our nights without any such care,
And ne're die of such foolish Mis-haps.

I I I.

The Juice of the Grape can a Beggar enrich,
And supply greater want in a KING;
'Twill sooth all the cares of a comfortless wretch,
And make Men in Dungeons, to sing.
There's none can groan under a burthenom life,
If this Sovereign Cordial he gains:
'Twill make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife;
And of Rage, and Diseases in Chains.

I V.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts Love and great thoughts in our Mind;
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood;
And to Galantry makes him inclin'd.
There's nothing our Hearts with such joy can bewitch
On Earth, 'tis a Pow'r that's Divine,
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
And no Man is poor that has Wine.

Mr. Tho. Shadwell

A New Scotch SONG.



Ong cold Nights when Winter--Fro--z 'em *Joc-keys* Head lay on my

Bo-som, now each wan-ton Lads pur-sues thee; Ah we'as me! that I must loose thee.

Saw-ney and *Jon-ny* came of-ten to try me, *Phil-ly* and *Wil-ly* wou'd fain ligg by me,

But A-las they do but teaze me, *Joc-key* a--lone knows how to please me.

II.

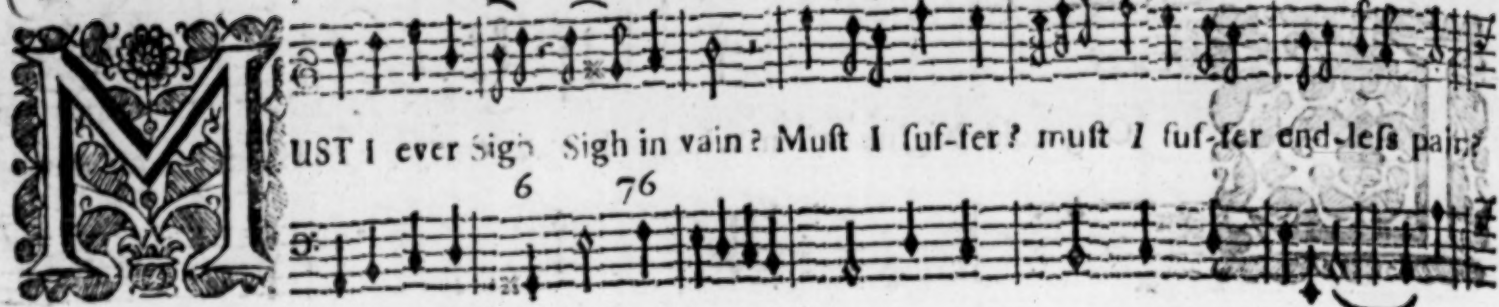
When he writes his Love in Meeter,
When he Sings to make it sweeter.
To the Clouds my Soul is driven,
Then I think my self in Heaven.
Fether and Mather, that know mickle of it,
Woo'd me and su'd me, to Wed for Profit;
But had Fate been bad or lucky,
I wou'd ner're forsake my poor *Jocky*.

III.

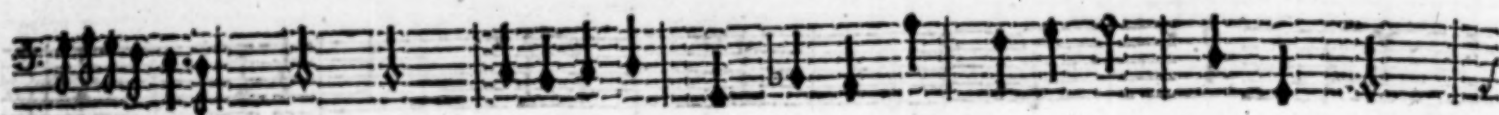
What ye weel why Ise adore him,
Wou'd you know why Ise die for him.
He was Young, and Blith and Bony,
And could Love me best of any;
When I was lying in dying condition,
Jocky wou'd still be my best Physician:
Though the Doctor never cou'd please me,
He had still a Dose wou'd ease me.

(38)

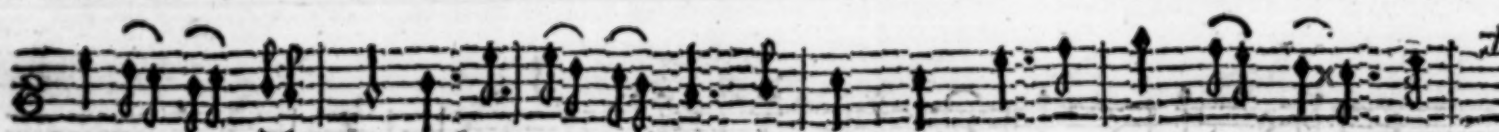
The last New SONG of Mr. Sam. Akeroyde's Setting.



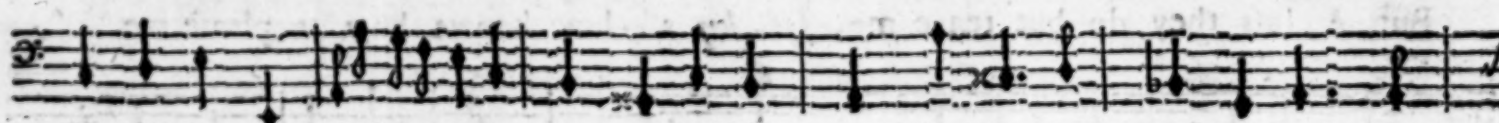
trem ——— bling at your feet I languish, hear my Grief; hear my Greef?



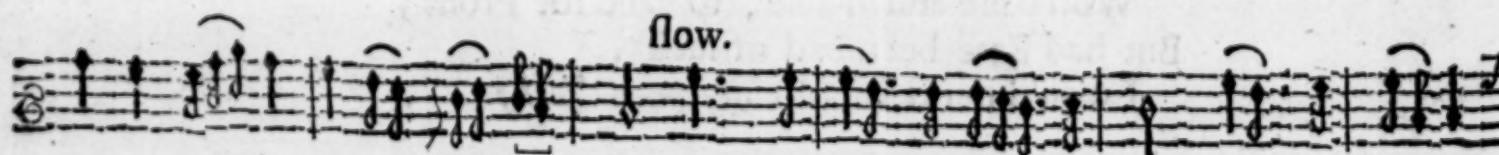
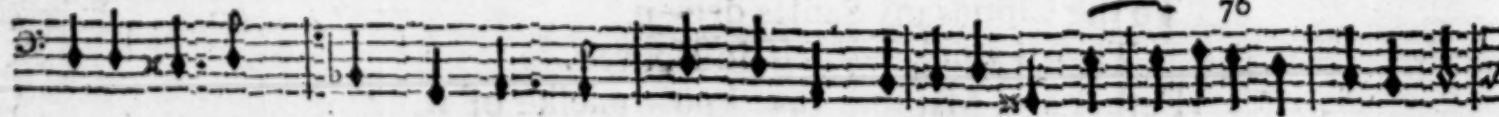
Oh see! Oh see my an-guish! must I e-ver sigh; sigh in vain; Must I suf-fer? must I



suf-fer end-less pain all my Actions shew I Love You; yet no Vows; no Tears can



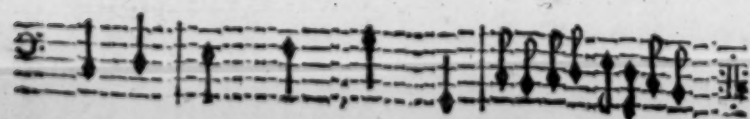
move you; yet no Vows; no Tears can move you; must I e-ver sigh; sigh in vain? must I



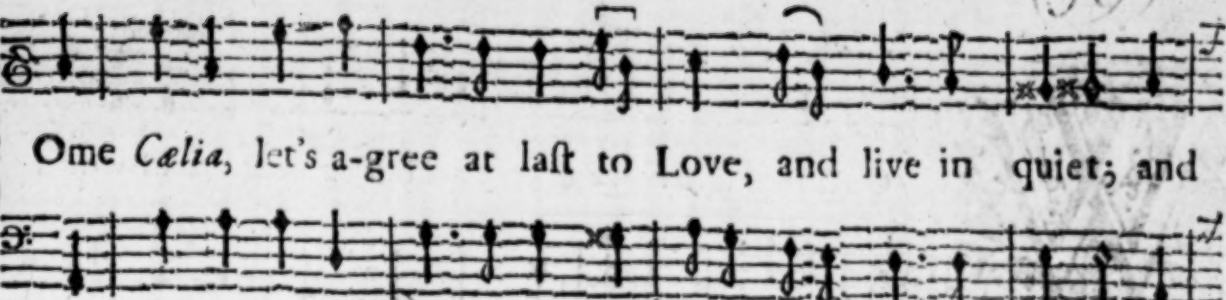
suf-fer? must I suf-fer end-less pain here, Oh hear my last Fare-well, let your pit-ty,



let your pit — ty once pre — vail.



End with the First Strain.



Ome *Celia*, let's a-gree at last to Love, and live in quiet; and



tie the Knot so very fast, that Time shall ne're untie it. Love's purest Joys they



ne-ver prove, who free from Quarrels live; 'Tis sure the tender'st part of



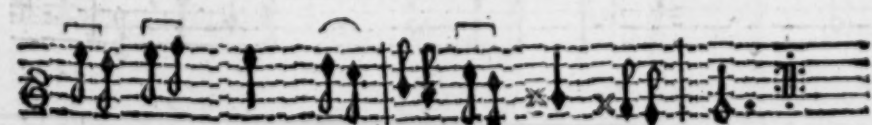
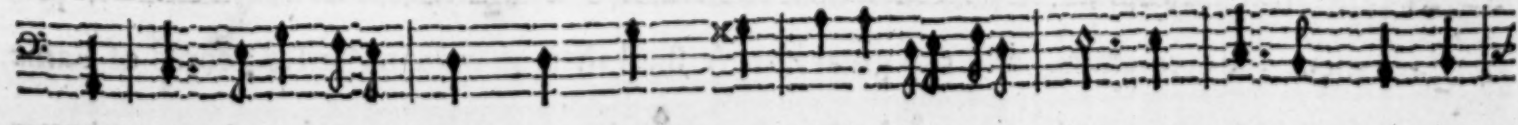
Love each o--ther to for-give. When first I seem'd concern'd, I took no plea-sure,



nor no Rest; And when I shew'd an an-gry look, A--lafs! I Lov'd You best.



Say but the same to Me, you'll find how hap-py is our Fate. Ah! to be grateful,



to be kind, it ne-- ver is too late.



End with the First Strain.

Mr. Will. Turner.

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Old my *A-min-ta* be kind how grate-ful woud I prove to the



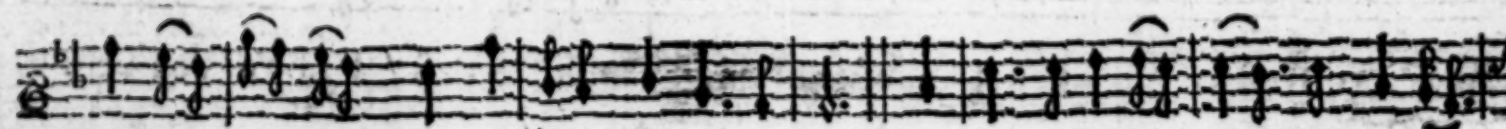
great good nefs of her mird, how Just unto her Love! But she owns too much Un be-lief,



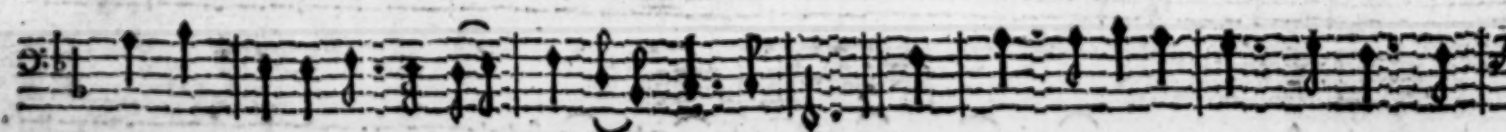
and al-ways gra-ti-fies a saw-cy, bold, af-pi-in, Theef and who de-serves, de-nies.



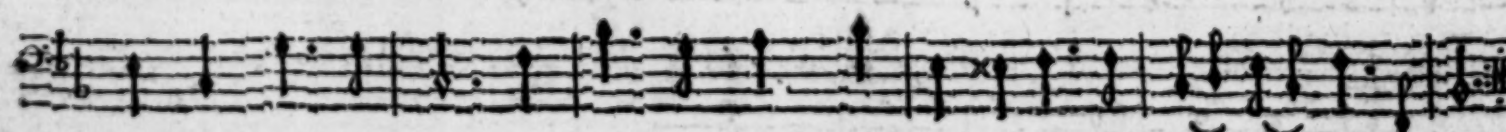
Thou sa cred God that Go-vern'st Hearts, draw forth thy Fa-tal Bowe, and Tip with



Pas-sive Love thy Darts to strike the su-rer blow; If my *A-min-ta* thou dost hit thy



Judgement I'll pro-claim, and thy great Pow'r shall then be writ in the Re-cords of Fame



Mr. Will. Turner.

F I N I S.

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1374

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